

# THE WESTERN MONTHLY.

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WILLIAM B. OGDEN.

THERE are few men, among the living myriads of the Great West, at the present hour, who sustain a more enviable reputation among men, or whose record is more brilliant as an earnest, self-sacrificing laborer in promoting the growth and progress of the Western States, than the subject of this sketch—WILLIAM B. OGDEN, the "Railway King of the West." During the last thirty-three years his interests have been closely allied with those of the Northern Mississippi Valley, and few men, if any, have accomplished more, or merited and received a greater degree of success, in the development thereof, than has Mr. OGDEN; and it is with pleasure that we herewith submit a brief sketch of his successful career, as a business man and a philanthropist.

Mr. OGDEN was born in the town of Walton, Delaware county, New York, on the 15th day of June, 1805, and is, therefore, now in his 64th year. He is a member of the Eastern New Jersey family of that name. About the year 1790, his grandfather, who had served in the Revolutionary war, together with several other officers of the army, including Mr. JAMES WEED of New Canaan, Fairfield county, Conn., took their families and emigrated to a wild, wilderness region on the Delaware river, west of the Catskill Mountains, and some eighty miles beyond the Hudson. It was a great undertaking, for the vast, unbroken forest which enveloped them had never echoed

the stroke of the woodman's axe, and numberless were the difficulties they were obliged to surmount, being then full sixty miles west of any wagon-road, and in what was afterwards called, by Gov. CLINTON, the "sequestered section" of the state. Here a settlement was formed, where, though remarkable for neither wealth nor numbers, patriotism found a home, amid dignified courtesy and genuine hospitality.

It was here that Mr. ABRAHAM OGDEN, the father of the subject of this sketch, was married to a daughter of Mr. JAMES WEED, mentioned above, and where the first years of the life of William were passed. As a lad, he was large for one of his years, and, when not more than ten or twelve years of age, was very fond of athletic exercise and the sports of robust boyhood. He always delighted in hunting, swimming, skating, wrestling, riding; so much so, that his father had to limit his hunting and fishing excursions to two days of the week. These were the sports suited to his "sequestered" home; and, if they trespassed too much upon his time, it was from no indisposition to study, or want of fondness for books. As he grew older, the advice of his father awakened in him a consciousness of the necessity of greater application to books and literary pursuits. These counsels were not allowed to pass unheeded.

Permission to choose his future occupation having been granted by his in-

dulgent father, he determined to acquire a liberal education, and devote himself to the practice of law. No sooner had this determination been made, than, with the decision of character and earnestness which have marked all his subsequent life, he set to work to fit himself for his chosen profession. He had but little more than commenced his academic course, when the sudden prostration of his father's health required him, though only sixteen years of age, to return home and assume control of the business and care of his father's family. It was with no little regret that young OGDEN bade adieu to the academic halls; yet he could not hesitate between inclination and duty.

The management of his father's business exacted great activity and energy on the part of its young conductor. It became necessary for him to make frequent trips over the country and to large cities, and thus he acquired that taste and inclination for diversified business pursuits, which have rendered his subsequent life one of untiring and diversified activity. Although the duties imposed upon him, as his father's representative in business matters, required great attention and untiring energy, it did not absorb all his strength. By reading he cultivated his intellect, and his mind being of a strong practical turn, he did not fail to profit by every tour he made. Travel proved to him an efficient educator, enlarging his views, expanding his thought, and increasing his powers; yet, at this time, he had really seen but little of the world. When only twenty-one years old, he was induced to engage as a partner in a mercantile firm, and enlarge his operations. The result, although moderately successful, did not satisfy his young ambition. After spending a few more years in his native county, his unwearied exertions being rewarded only by moderate gains, he determined to turn his attention westward.

Before leaving his native state, Mr.

OGDEN, having arrived at the age of eighteen, when all young men at that time were required to do military duty, entered upon that service. He was elected a commissioned officer the first day of doing duty, and on the second was appointed Aid to his esteemed friend Brig.-Gen. FREDERICK P. FOOTE, a gentleman long since dead. The late Hon. SELAH R. HOBBS, the distinguished Postmaster-General of the United States for so many years, and from boyhood the intimate friend of Mr. OGDEN, was a member of Gen. FOOTE's staff at the same time, as Brigade Inspector with the rank of major. Mr. OGDEN succeeded his friend, Major HOBBS, in the office of Brigade Inspector, and did his duties for several years preceding his westward journey.

The year before Mr. OGDEN's removal to Chicago (1834), he was elected to the Legislature of the State of New York, especially to advocate the construction of the New York and Erie Railroad, and to obtain the aid of the State for that great work, which then commanded his greatest exertions, and in which he has ever since felt a deep interest. He spent the winter of 1834-5 in the Assembly at Albany, but it was not until the following year that aid was granted by the State.

In June, 1835, Mr. OGDEN arrived at Chicago, having then recently united with friends in the purchase of real estate in this city. He and they foresaw that Chicago was to be one of the leading cities of the West, and therefore purchased largely, including Wolcott's Addition, nearly half of Kinzie's Addition, and the block of land upon which the freight houses of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad now stand.

At first Mr. OGDEN's principal business in Chicago was the management of the real estate which he and his friends had purchased; but gradually, and almost accidentally in the beginning, he established a Land and Trust Agency,

which he carried on in his own name from 1836 to 1843, when it had so increased that he associated with himself Mr. WILLIAM E. JONES. Since then the business has been carried on successively by OGDEN, JONES & Co. and OGDEN, FLEETWOOD & Co., in which last name it is still managed. The business has now become so large that it may be called one of the institutions of Chicago.

Mr. OGDEN was very successful in his operations in 1835-6; but he became embarrassed in 1837-8, by assuming liabilities for friends, several of whom he endeavored to aid, but with only partial success. He struggled on with these embarrassments for several years, and finally, in 1842-3, escaped from the last of them; and since then his career of pecuniary success has been unclouded.

His operations in real estate have been immense. Previous to 1857, he had sold real property for himself and others to an amount exceeding ten millions of dollars, and the fact that his annual sales have during the past few years often exceeded a million, will give some idea of the extent of his business. He has literally made the rough places smooth and the crooked ways straight in Chicago. More than a hundred miles of streets, and hundreds of bridges at street corners, including two over the Chicago river, have been made by him, at the private expense of himself and clients, and at a cost of probably hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Mr. OGDEN's mind is of a very practical character. The first floating swing bridge over the Chicago river was built by him, for the city, on Clark street (before he ever saw one elsewhere), and answered well its designed purpose. He was early engaged in introducing into extensive use in the West, McCormick's mowing and reaping machines, and building up the first large factory for their manufacture—that now owned by the McCORMICKS. In this manufactory, and during Mr. OGDEN's connection with it,

and at his suggestion, was built the first reaper sent to England, and which, at the great exhibition in 1851 at London, did so much for the credit of American manufacturers there. He was also a contractor upon the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and his efforts to prevent its suspension, and to resuscitate and complete it, were untiring.

But there is no brighter page in Mr. OGDEN's history than that which records his devotion to the preservation of the public credit. This devotion was exemplified at a public meeting here in the autumn of 1837, while he held the office of mayor. Some frightened debtors, assisted by a few demagogues, had called a meeting to take measures to have the courts suspended, or some way devised by which the compulsory fulfillment of their engagements beyond that period, so tedious to creditors, known as the "law's delay." They sought by legislative action or "relief laws" to virtually suspend, for a season, the collection of debts. An inflammatory and *ad captandum* speech had been made. The meeting, which was composed chiefly of debtors, seemed quite excited, and many were rendered almost desperate by the recital, by designing men, of their suffering and pecuniary danger. During the excitement the mayor was called for. He stepped forward and exhorted the citizens not to commit the folly of proclaiming their own dishonor. He besought those who were embarrassed to bear up against adverse circumstances with the courage of men, remembering that no misfortune was so great as one's own personal dishonor. That it were better for them to conceal their misfortunes than to proclaim them; reminding them that many a fortress had saved itself by the courage of its inmates and their determination to conceal its weakness, when, if its real state had been made known, its destruction would have been inevitable and immediate. "Above all things,"

said he, "do not tarnish the honor of our infant city." To the credit of Chicago, be it said, this first attempt at "repudiating relief" met, from a majority of that meeting, and of our citizens, a rebuff no less pointed than deserved, and those who attempted it merited the contempt they received.

During all the financial crises of the State of Illinois, has Mr. OGDEN ever been found in the foremost ranks of those whose honor and integrity impelled them to stand by the public faith and credit. No bribes could reach him and no opposition dishearten him; but aloof from low-browed baseness and petty intrigue, he stands, to-day, a man whose honor is untarnished by contact with repudiation in its vilest forms.

In politics, Mr. OGDEN, though not much of a partisan, has always been a democrat of the Madisonian school. He has never hesitated to oppose the nominations of his party, when, in his opinion, the interest of the public required it. He has often been in the city council, and frequently solicited to be a candidate for official positions. He was nominated in 1840, by the canal party, for the Legislature, and 1852 by the free democracy, for Congress. This nomination he declined. In the great struggle with slavery, in 1856, he was found with freedom's hosts, in support of the nominees of the republican party, believing, in common with the great mass of the North, that the encroachments of slavery upon territory, dedicated to freedom by the plighted faith of the nation, must be resisted, and that the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the Federal Constitution, are essential to the preservation of our republican institutions.

Mr. OGDEN is a man of great public spirit, and in enterprise unsurpassed. To recapitulate the public undertakings which have commanded his attention and received his countenance and sup-

port, would be to catalogue most of those in this section of the Northwest. He has been a leading man—president or director, or a large stockholder—in so many bodies or corporations that we shall not attempt to make a list of them for this brief sketch. Among the most important positions he has occupied may be mentioned the following:

At the first charter election of the city of Chicago, in 1837, he was chosen mayor. He was the first president of Rush Medical College; was president of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad Company; of the National Pacific Railroad Convention of 1850, held in Philadelphia; of the Illinois and Wisconsin Railroad Company; of the Buffalo and Mississippi Railroad Company in Indiana, until merged in the Michigan Central; of the Chicago Branch of the State Bank of Illinois; of the Board of Sewerage Commissioners for the city of Chicago, and of the Board of Trustees of the University of Chicago.

Nearly every public institution of Chicago, including Rush Medical College, the Theological Seminary of the Northwest, the Historical Society, the Academy of Sciences, the Astronomical Society and the University of Chicago are greatly indebted to him for timely aid.

To recount and set forth a statement of Mr. OGDEN's labors in connection with the various railroads of the Northwest would be to write a volume, and would therefore be foreign to the purpose of this article. Only a few of the principal transactions can be related, and those not very minutely. He has been, very properly, denominated the "Railway King of the West," for his various and gigantic operations, and connection with different roads, have given him a world-wide reputation as a railroad man. In fact, the very existence of some of our heaviest companies is due to the sound judgment,



deathless energy and unyielding will of WILLIAM B. OGDEN.

It was he who first started the resuscitation and building of the Galena and Chicago Union railroad. He negotiated for the purchase of the charter and assets of the company of the proprietors, in 1847. He was indefatigable in his exertions to commend the enterprise to public attention and secure its commencement and energetic construction. But for his exertions and those of Hon. J. YOUNG SCAMMON it could not have started when it did. It was their exertions, in the city and country, that obtained the necessary subscriptions to justify the commencement of the undertaking. Without them it would not have moved for years. In 1857, notwithstanding his laborious duties as president of the Chicago, St. Paul and Fond du Lac Railroad Company and the Wisconsin and Superior Land Grant Railroad Company, we find him pushing forward, with all his energy, the construction of the former road, two sections of which, from Chicago to Janesville, and twenty-eight miles from Fond du Lac south, were completed and in operation when the memorable financial crisis of that year swept over the country and the commercial world, upsetting many of the strongest commercial houses, and producing general embarrassment in all the business enterprises of the land. This road was then carrying a large floating debt, pending a sale of its mortgage bonds, and the negotiations abroad suddenly failing, in the crash the paper of the company went to protest. Upon this paper Mr. OGDEN was endorser to the extent of nearly a million and a half of dollars, and was consequently called upon to provide for the payment of this large sum. Those were days of trial, requiring fortitude and good judgment. Aided by the advice and confidence of a few powerful friends, he made an exhibit of his affairs, and was allowed by the

creditors of the road to continue in its control and arrange and liquidate its paper according to his own judgment; and through the assets of the company and a free use of a large portion of his private estate, he succeeded, ere long, in retiring all the paper of the company upon which he was endorser.

To illustrate the confidence of business men, of this and the old world, in Mr. OGDEN, we have simply to state, that the use of nearly a million of dollars was voluntarily tendered him by a few men here and there, for the purpose of bridging over difficulties with which he found himself surrounded at this critical moment. Although this princely liberality was not accepted, we can readily understand how gratifying it must have been to Mr. OGDEN, and how such exhibitions of confidence and esteem, at such a time, cheered and encouraged him in his trying and difficult position.

The responsibility which he had assumed for the road was not prompted mainly by the prospect of private gain. Others had a larger pecuniary interest in the road than he, and others in Chicago, had as large an indirect interest as he, in the extension of the road, the development of the country, and of the city of his adoption.

In the summer of 1859 he undertook the construction of sixty miles of the road from Janesville northward, to connect the two sections of the line already in operation, and this was accomplished in the then unprecedented time of fifty-eight working days. The failure of the road in 1857 involved its sale and reorganization, after which it took the name of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. This, we believe, was the first step toward the organization of what is now one of the largest and most important railways on the continent; a company which controls some seven hundred miles of railroad, and is emphatically the leading road of the West.

Mr. OGDEN and his friends continued to push on the building of the Chicago and Northwestern road toward Lake Superior, competing for the trade of the Northwest. The old Galena road was seeking for the same trade, and each company was projecting competing lines through territory already supplied with facilities for transportation. Mr. OGDEN thought this policy injurious to the interest of both parties, and that neither the trade and commerce of Chicago, nor the great region lying beyond the points then reached by the roads, were being developed and benefited in a degree commensurate with the capital likely to be expended. He thought that, by a concentration of interests mutually beneficial to the stockholders, it would be possible for Chicago, through these roads, and to their profit, to speedily put herself in communication, by rail, with Lake Superior to the North, St. Paul and Minnesota to the Northwest, and the Missouri river, with its boundless regions and resources, to the West. Moved by these considerations, in the winter of 1864, Mr. Ogden projected the purchase of the Galena railroad; and this being accomplished, the two rival interests were consolidated at the next annual election. The wisdom of this movement has been more than vindicated by results already accomplished.

At an early day, Mr. OGDEN was interested in securing railroad connections for our city, with the East—at first by the Michigan Central, and subsequently by the Michigan Southern road. On the organization of the Fort Wayne and Chicago Company, in 1853, he became a director, and has, we believe, always continued his active interest in that enterprise. The line to Pittsburgh then embraced three distinct companies, all weak and engaged, with limited means and credit, in the work of construction. He regarded a grand trunk line, under one management, from Chicago to Pittsburgh, as essential to a valuable busi-

ness connection with the latter city, as well as with Philadelphia. The roads were subsequently united, but, wanting the strength of a completed line, the enterprise was forced to succumb to the pressure of the times, and in 1859 steps were taken for the appointment of receivers. A sequestration was appointed in Pennsylvania, and a receiver in Ohio. A want of harmony in the several states, however, seemed likely to end in ruinous litigation, and in defeating the project, or at least suspending it indefinitely. After a meeting of all interested parties, Mr. OGDEN was chosen a Receiver for the whole line, and reluctantly accepted the position, but refused the salary of \$25,000 per annum tendered him, as not warranted by the circumstances of the road. This action secured the reorganization on the plan proposed, and the completion of the line; and to-day, it is one of the longest, most successful and important roads in the country, with a daily connection between Chicago and New York, without change of cars.

When the Union Pacific Railroad Company was organized under the Act of Congress, Mr. OGDEN was chosen its first president. His accumulated business cares, however, induced him, subsequently, to retire from this position, although advising and co-operating in the construction of the road, and having an active interest in all that concerns it. He has an abiding faith that, ere many years are past, a second road will be constructed to the Pacific, on what is known as the Northern route, and steps have already been taken to inaugurate that project.

Mr. OGDEN's practical mind and enterprising spirit have led him into great and varied undertakings. In 1854-5, he visited Europe, and it was the canals of Holland, and especially the great ship canal at Amsterdam, that first suggested to him the practicability, as well as the importance and necessity, of a channel for the free flow of the waters of Lake

Michigan, through the Chicago and Des-plaines rivers, into the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, in aid of navigation in those rivers; and, at the same time, furnishing free, direct and unbroken steamboat navigation between the Mississippi river and all its tributaries and Chicago.

In 1856, he became interested in a large lumbering establishment on the Peshtigo river, in northern Wisconsin. To this estate he has added from time to time until the company which he organized, and of which he is the principal owner, now has nearly a hundred thousand acres of pine land, on which are extensive mills, a thriving village of several hundred inhabitants, a fine harbor constructed on Green Bay, at the mouth of the Peshtigo river, and the company manufacture, for the Chicago market, annually some sixteen millions feet of lumber. A large steam mill has now been erected which will increase this product to fifty millions a year.

In 1860, he purchased at Brady's Bend, on the Alleghany river, in Pennsylvania, an estate of five thousand acres, on which were extensive mines of iron and coal, rolling mills and furnaces, and a village of some fifteen hundred inhabitants. Here, with some friends who subsequently joined him, he organized the Brady's Bend Iron Company, with a capital of \$2,000,000, which employs some six hundred men, and makes two hundred tons of rails daily.

Mr. OGDEN is a man of noble mold; of commanding person and agreeable manners; of extensive general information, and cultivated tastes. His strong, practical sense and great presence of mind make him at home almost everywhere. Although his education has not been such as to make him a *belles lettres* scholar, or an accomplished orator, he writes well, and is always listened to with attention when he addresses an audience, and few, if any men, exert

more influence in a public body, upon any practical subject, than he does.

It is natural for him to love to aid others, and it affords him great satisfaction to be of service to his friends. Amidst the pressure of his enormous business, he finds time to relieve the distressed and to aid the deserving, and many families in Chicago, who are now basking in prosperity, owe their success to his kind assistance; many a poor widow and orphan have been preserved from want by his care and foresight.

He is now immensely rich, yet he retains the same fondness for enterprise, the same love for building roads, and developing the country, which have characterized his previous life. He has never married, has a fine residence on Harlem river, Westchester county, New York, and one at Chicago, at both of which establishments, he continues to dispense that large-hearted hospitality for which his name has become almost a synonym.

We do not claim that Mr. OGDEN, as a man, is faultless, or free from the imperfections and failings of our common humanity; but as a brother, a citizen, a public-spirited, charitable, benevolent, and capable man, he has few superiors, and no name in the Northwest calls up so many acknowledgments of public indebtedness for general benefits resulting from individual energy and ability as that of WILLIAM B. OGDEN.

The public improvements of the Northwest, radiating from the home of his adoption, are noble monuments, commemorating in their usefulness, both the character and enterprise of the subject of this sketch.

Mr. OGDEN is yet hale and hearty with a fair prospect of living many useful years, and winning the undying affections of untold numbers more who will eventually "rise up and call him blessed."

CHICAGO, December, 1868.

[We are under lasting obligations to Messrs. WILSON & ST. CLAIR, No. 117 Madison street, publishers of "Biographical Sketches of the Leading Men of Chicago," for data from which the above article has been prepared.—Eds.]

## IMPLORO PACE.

BY CHARLES LANDOR.

SPEAK not so loud, familiar streets,  
Long vibrant to his springing tread!  
Cease voice too eloquent of haunts and seats,  
The scenes of that fair life that with him fled!

Use not your magic; on the eyes  
So dim with mists of unshed tears,  
Bid not so oft his radiant semblance rise,  
To wake a grief that will not die with years.

Veil, veil your light, ye cheerful homes  
Beside the avenues we trod,  
Building our future's mansions, whose high domes  
Wait me but in the Paradise of God.

O happy hearts, flaunt not so near  
The joyous madness of your mirth!  
Force not your unchecked rapture on the ear  
So jarred with discords of this saddened earth!

No base-born pang at happiness,  
No weak recoil from aught, I plead;  
But here too close these storming memories press—  
Give me but time to staunch these wounds that bleed!

Angels—for such must be—whose care  
Are hearts that can endure no more,  
What anodynes celestial blossoms bear,  
Give me to breathe, before my strength be o'er.

I crave no spell's forbidden calm;  
Of life, not death, the sleep I ask:  
The deep unconsciousness, to hurt souls balm,  
Whence I may rise to finish out my task.

Friend of a soldier, valor's flower,  
No coward front I turn to Fate;  
But, I implore thee, for one little hour  
Keep thou the legions at the outer gate!

CHICAGO, December, 1868.

## THE STOLEN LOAVES.

BY HORACE STANTON.

PHILIP WESTON was an honest, hard-working mechanic in one of the manufacturing towns of New England. By his industry and economy he managed to provide his little family with all the necessaries and many of the comforts of life. He owned a pretty village lot with a neat cottage thereon, and had a little sum in the bank—laid carefully away for a time of need.

But the news of the "Great West," with her mighty resources, her vast prairies and almost fabulous productions, had wakened in his brain a day-dream that refused to be gratified by the monotonous scenes of his every-day life. Some of his boyhood friends had sought the frontier in early life, and he learned that they had bought large tracts of land while it was cheap, erected good buildings, and were now gathering into their crowded barns such a wealth of golden grain as their Puritan forefathers never dreamed of. Others had been fortunate enough to choose their locations near the site of future cities, and the tide of civilization had swept around them, bringing wealth into their coffers with scarcely an effort of their own. How different it was from his constant and laborious toil, which with his best efforts would only bring them present comfort, with but a faint prospect of adding to the future happiness of his two children, who would ere long be obliged to win their own way over the rugged pathway of life. He and his frugal wife had discussed the question through many a long winter evening, and after the *pros* and *cons* were duly considered, it was decided to sell their homestead, and, gathering together their little means, seek a home near the wild shores of the mighty "Father of Waters."

Mrs. Weston had dreaded to leave the home of her childhood and the scenes of her youthful years. The little church where she and Philip had made their solemn marriage covenant was almost as dear to her as her own home, and the pastor who had there pronounced a benediction upon them still filled the sacred desk, although his locks were whiter and he now walked with an unsteady step toward his long home. Left an orphan long before marriage, her kind pastor had taken a father's place in her affections, and the tears rushed to her eyes as she thought of old-time friends and the loneliness of a life that seemed to her little better than that of the savage.

But her husband's arguments were not without weight, and to please him and to gain an inheritance for her children, she consented to the change. The little cottage was sold at some sacrifice, and with a few hundred dollars, Philip Weston and his wife with their two children started to find a prairie home in the new world, which was then beginning to be the center of attraction.

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The county lines of — county had been drawn, a cheap court-house erected, and a few houses clustered around. "Main street" was also dignified by two dry-goods stores, the never-failing saloon, and a bakery—yes, actually a bakery. It did look a little lost and out of the way, but there were many men there and within a radius of a few miles who were trying to gain a foothold for themselves before sending for their families—living alone, or two or three together, they managed to get along mostly with their own rude cookery—and it was quite a luxury to them to be

able to get "baker's bread," although many of them would have disdained the same article when placed beside the loaves that "wife" or "mother" could make; and as he also sold beer, and sometimes the stronger *et ceteras*, our frontier baker was really doing a flourishing business. And as the stranger passed down the modest street, his eye rested twice upon a "lawyer's office." The tobacco-stained domicile of William H. Harding came first, and within, you might generally discover a little pompous, round-headed man about forty years of age, with small gray eyes and stiff, bristling hair, while his sharp nose was generally surmounted by a pair of steel-bowed spectacles. The next disciple of Blackstone was a young man—almost a boy—with dark eyes, and a waving mass of brown hair swept carelessly back from a broad white forehead. There was a clear, honest look in the hazel eyes that impressed one favorably, and an expression of firmness and energy in the finely-cut lips that indicated a force of character "worthy of the foeman's steel" when once their owner was fully aroused. Earnest Dunbar was truly, a Western boy. Born in the very wilderness of the frontier, his life had always been one of hardship and toil. To the civilizing influence of school-houses his boyhood had been a stranger, and what education he possessed had been acquired during the long winter evenings under the tuition of a cultivated mother. The little store of books that she had brought from her childhood home were soon mastered by the eager mind of her boy, and he was left with only the mighty volume of Nature and the cheering associations of his mother's society.

There was never much genuine affection between Earnest and his father. The father was a coarse, selfish being of but little culture and less business tact. His continual wanderings from one location to another were a source of

constant discomfort and poverty to his family.

He and his wife were one of those strangely-assorted pairs that often excite our wonder and enlist our sympathies during our life-journeys. Their family consisted of six children, but of these only Earnest had inherited his mother's temperament, and between the two had grown up a mighty love unknown to those who are more fortunately situated. Mrs. Dunbar learned with regret of the son's desire to become a lawyer. She had hoped that the pulpit would become the motive power of his life, and her native purity shrank from the idea of having her darling boy become versed in legal quibbles and the too frequent corruptions of an attorney's life. She knew that he was true and pure, but felt that in such a life the power of temptation would be a fearful peril to his young heart. But by his persuasions he at last obtained her consent, and began to seek his father's permission to labor for a day or two at a time on the wild farm of their only neighbor, and the money thus obtained was carefully hoarded for the purchase of books. Still the little sum grew very slowly, for it was seldom that his father was willing or able to dispense with his services at home. But one by one the coveted treasures were secured, and his hungry mind sought them with an avidity unknown to the sons of the rich who so leisurely pursue their "college course."

But a fearful trial awaited our young and persevering student. His mother's health had long been feeble, and finally a disease which had been gaining strength for years prostrated her frail form, and ere the family fully realized her situation she lay at the very door of death. Poor Earnest! the prospective blow fairly stunned his faculties, and he felt as if he wandered in the mazes of a terrible dream. Not so with Mrs. Dunbar. She realized the solemn realities of the present and the future; the quiet peace of the

grave had no terrors for her wearied mind. Her life-burden had been a heavy one, and she looked forward with pleasure to the long sleep that seals the weary portals of life. But little of sympathy or affection had fallen to her lot until Earnest was old enough to be a companion, and to him her heart clung with a love as strong as death. She called him to her a few days before she died, and repeating the kind words of counsel and encouragement that he had so often heard from her lips, she added:

"And now, my darling boy, whatever may be your station or position in life, whatever trial or hardship it may be your lot to endure, always strive for the right. Let virtue and truth guard the portals of your heart and form the polestar of your destiny. You are left in a cold world, without fortune, friends or influence. You must fight alone the battle of life, and win for yourself the crown of success. But, oh, my child, do not allow any temptation of power and influence to lure you from the path of rectitude and strict integrity. *Never plead the cause of error—never lend your aid to wrong and oppression.* Keep your conscience clean and your morals pure—do right under all circumstances, and leave the result in the hands of 'Him who seeth the end from the beginning.' If you stand manfully by the wheel of life—if you are true to yourself and faithful to the principles of justice—success will reward your efforts, and triumph will crown your life mission."

It was, as she had anticipated, her last opportunity for intelligent conversation. Delirium soon took possession of the struggling brain, and retained his fearful hold until he surrendered his forces into the hand of the Death Angel.

We need not linger over the sorrowful scene. The whole family mourned for the gentle wife and mother, but none with so deep and sacred a grief as Ear-

nest. Still he could but feel that she was at rest—that the storms of life could never more reach her sensitive heart, or the mighty billows of a terrible grief lash their dark waves over her soul. He knew that she had fallen asleep in the hope of immortality, and that amid the golden glories of the resurrection morn she would receive a crown of life. "*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,*" she had quoted to him only a few days before, and he realized the full force of the sacred words as he looked upon the sweet marble face of the dead.

He gathered up his books and started for the village of G—, and soon from the walls of a modest little office the passers-by read, "EARNEST DUNBAR, *Attorney at Law.*" It required but little legal lore in those days to be admitted to the western bar, and he determined to finish his education in the stern school of experience. Harding was already located there, and he looked sneeringly at the young face of the boyish lawyer who had presumed to open an office so near his own. But soon a case of little importance was intrusted to Dunbar, and he succeeded so well in its management that others followed, and he began to build up a little reputation among the people of the frontier.

Luke Hammond had been the leading spirit of the little town. He had surveyed the land, arranged the lots, and carried every enterprise to its consummation. He began to take an interest in the new-comer, and thinking that he saw in him the elements of success, he determined to place his next law-suit in the hands of the young lawyer. The time soon came, and he carried the details of the case to Earnest, who could but feel flattered by this mark of preference from the most influential man in the county. But the words of his dead mother ever haunted his memory, and he had made a vow beside her grave never to undertake any cause unless he



fully believed that *justice and right* were on the side of his client. Thus far he had faithfully adhered to his noble resolution, and he still determined to stand by his life motto, whether the result was triumphant success or disgraceful failure. He cautiously questioned him in relation to the facts, and being satisfied from his version of the affair that Hammond was being greatly wronged, he willingly undertook the case and went to work with a will. The matter went on until the day of trial, and as the case was one of great importance, the little court-house was densely crowded. Harding was the opposing counsel, and he bustled around among his witnesses with a great sense of his own importance, and when he looked at or spoke to Dunbar it was with only half-concealed malice and jealousy. As the case progressed, the young attorney was astonished to find that his client had grossly misrepresented the facts, and that he himself was the aggressor. Some of Hammond's witnesses had evidently perjured themselves, and it was clearly shown by Harding's skillful cross-examination; while the witnesses on the other side appeared so honest in their statements that the cross-examination was little more than a farce as conducted by poor Earnest, who now found himself unwillingly arrayed on the side of wrong. His mother's dying words and his own subsequent vow rushed upon his mind, and his closing argument was a miserable failure. Of course, Hammond was defeated, as he ought to have been, but his rage against the young lawyer knew no bounds.

This, with the open sneers of the opposition and covert contempt of the multitude, was a terrible blow upon the sensitive pride of poor Dunbar. It is a melancholy fact that *might* generally overcomes *right*, and that *success even in a wrong cause* is more highly appreciated by the mass of mankind than the best efforts in behalf of truth, if *inef-*

*fectual*. It is a sorrowful condition of affairs in which *vox populi* is so seldom *vox Dei*; but we must deal with the world as we find it, and lend our little influence to make it better.

Very bitter were the thoughts that swept through the mind of Earnest, as he lay that night upon a sleepless couch; but his good angel triumphed, and he arose with a full determination that he would never allow difficulties or dangers to swerve him from the path of duty.

He had a call the following day from Hammond, who bitterly reproached him with being the cause of defeat and disgrace to both.

Dunbar replied by frankly telling him that he had been grossly deceived in relation to the facts, and finally told him of his early life and subsequent resolution at the grave of his only friend. But Hammond did not have manhood enough to appreciate the noble boy, and coldly replied that if he continued to think and act in that way, he would have very little business to do.

"Well," replied Earnest, "if I cannot get a living by being an *honest* lawyer, I will seek some employment to which honesty is no objection."

Hammond made no reply, but arose and offered Earnest his fee, which was proudly declined, and thus the interview ended.

But Hammond turned his influence against the young lawyer, and the few who had taken a liking to him hardly dared to show it in the face of the tide of opposition that soon swept down upon him.

Matters were in this condition when Philip Weston and his little family arrived in the village of G—. After looking around for a few days, Mr. Weston purchased a farm lying in close proximity to the town. The land was good, but there were no improvements, except the little log cabin, which Mrs. Weston thought could hardly be considered an improvement. But they were

soon located within its humble walls, and the few articles of furniture they had brought with them being tastefully arranged, the little domicile soon wore quite a home look.

Weston had preferred this location, because, with what little means he possessed, he had been enabled to pay for it at once, and thereby he obtained it somewhat cheaper. He had enough left to fence and "break" his land, and soon had a crop of corn growing. But, alas for the mutations of life, western fevers were then prevalent, and in the midst of the first season his wife sickened and died. Poor Weston! his day star had set in midnight gloom, and the great hope of life was dying in his bosom; but his children were still left to stimulate his energies, and he toiled on with his accustomed diligence. Miriam Weston was only fourteen years of age, but she was a bright little creature, intelligent beyond her years, and with her aid, and that of her brother Frank, two years older, Mr. Weston managed to carry on his farm and household labor; but he made many blunders out of doors as well as in, for a life-long mechanic is, at best, but a poor farmer.

His health failed, also, under his sad bereavement, and the heavy toil to which he was so unaccustomed. His ambition sustained him until his corn was gathered, and stored in a granary of his own construction, but in a few days longer he was confined to his bed, and early in winter he followed his wife into the dark valley of the shadow of death. No words can describe the wretchedness of the poor children thus deprived of their last earthly friend. Their tears were not only tears of grief, but of utter hopelessness, and they clung closely to each other, almost expecting that death would soon claim one of them also.

The neighbors came in and performed the last sad offices for their poor father, and then looked around to do something for the children. They soon found

"places" for them, though at some distance from each other; but when Frank and Miriam were informed of the fact, their friends were surprised and indignant to learn that they obstinately refused to be separated. Finding that they could not be persuaded to yield, the neighbors relinquished all effort in their behalf, and allowed them to live alone in the little cabin.

One kind-hearted man undertook the sale of their surplus corn, and although he only realized a few cents a bushel for it, he placed a few dollars in Frank's hand, and carried the rest of the corn to mill and had it ground for them. Unfortunately Weston's farm had no timber on it, and the little sum that their corn brought would barely supply them with fuel through the winter, so that their food must be scanty and coarse; but their prison-like fare seemed better to them than being torn from each other.

Oh, the long dreary hours of that terrible winter! The prairie winds swept wildly o'er the barren waste, and sighed and moaned around the little cabin, as if in sympathy with its lonely inmates. Poor Miriam ate her coarse bread with patience, even while the pearly tears rolled down her cheeks. But one morning found her sobbing on Frank's bosom in utter hopelessness. As Frank's tears mingled with her own, he exclaimed:

"I will go down to the village, Miriam, and try to find work. If I can earn a little money we can be more comfortable. I can chop wood, you know, or do most anything that isn't too hard."

"Well, I'll go with you, Frank; maybe I can do something, too."

In a moment she was wrapped in the little shawl and hood she had worn the winter before, and, hand in hand, the little orphans started out to seek employment. At almost the first application, Frank obtained permission to chop wood at twenty-five cents a day, and the sum seemed so munificent to them that the position was gladly accepted, and

they cheerfully kept on, hoping to find work for Miriam. They were unsuccessful until they reached the bakery. The baker wanted some one to deliver small baskets of bread in the village, and Miriam gratefully accepted the situation, although it was not very lucrative. It was a sore temptation to the poor girl, after her meagre breakfast with Frank, to enter the warm bakery where the fragrant bread and cakes were just coming from the oven; still she was faithful to her trust, and carried the tempting food untouched, even while her stomach ached for the want of more nourishing food.

Among the places she daily visited was the office of Earnest Dunbar. Since the Hammond lawsuit he had been carefully avoided, and poverty had compelled him to give up his place in the cheap boarding-house and live in his office upon a scanty supply from the bakery. He would have sought employment outside of his profession before this, but knowing that the knowledge of his necessity would be a gratification to his enemies, he resolved to wait awhile longer. He began to look with pleasure for Miriam's visits, and as he learned her history, a strong sympathy grew up in his heart for the orphan girl and her brother, but he felt that, as yet, he was powerless to aid them.

It was now nearly spring, and Frank and Miriam, were getting along quite comfortably, for, although they worked hard and were much exposed to the cold, they had more nourishing food, and both were crowned with the blessings of health. They were winning their way to the esteem of the public by their industry and perseverance, and people began to think that they were capable of taking care of themselves.

For nearly a month Mr. Mason, the baker, had been aware that some one was constantly committing petty thefts upon his premises. He had missed, at different times, loaves of bread, small

cakes, pies, etc. He could not even guess who the thief was, and more than once he spoke of the subject to his neighbor, Miller, the saloon keeper across the street. Miller was a reckless, unprincipled man, supremely selfish, who never cared who was injured or ruined if his own love of gain was gratified.

As Mason was speaking to him on the subject one morning, little Miriam had just left the shop, and was tripping lightly away with her basket of loaves. Miller pointed after her significantly and said, in his coarse style:

"Do you watch that young one carefully?"

"Watch my little bread carrier. No! I should as soon think of watching myself. Did you ever look into her face? It is honesty itself."

"Oh yes," sneered Miller, "I've seen such honest folks before. If you take my advice, you'll watch her, though."

His words haunted the baker all day. He could not get them out of his mind, and though he had no idea that Miriam was guilty, it looked odd that the two children should prefer living alone, and he knew they were very poor. Perhaps he had better watch a little.

The losses continued, and Mason determined to find the thief, and see that he or she was properly punished. One night half a dozen loaves and a basket disappeared. The next morning Miller came, and learned of the loss with apparent surprise, but at once proposed to Mason that they should both go out to the Weston cabin and see if they could find any traces of it.

"The young ones are both in town now, and we can look around as much as we please."

"Well," replied the baker, "the search will do no harm, but I am sure that it will bring us no light."

They started out, and walking rapidly for a few minutes they came to the little log house, and finding the door unfast-

ened they entered at once. What was the astonishment of Mason to see upon the table the basket of loaves, and a knife laying there also; one loaf was cut in two, and the other half was gone.

"There, what did I tell you," triumphantly exclaimed Miller.

"Well, well, I would as soon have thought of accusing myself; but that is just the way, if you ever try to help anybody it always turns out that way. I believe half the people in the world would steal from their best friends," he added bitterly. "Now, I took that girl to work for me when nobody else would have her, because she was so little, and I have kept her ever since, and many a loaf of bread and handful of cakes I have given her, if I do say it myself."

"Yes," returned Miller, "its always so. It's the girl that's done the stealing, for the boy wouldn't know where the things were. Now, take my advice and send an officer after her, and let us have the thing settled."

Mason replied, with a shudder:

"No, I can't have that little bright-eyed girl arrested. If she *has* been ungrateful, maybe she was awfully tempted. We don't know how hungry she might have been. No, *I can't do it.*"

"Pshaw," answered Miller, impatiently, "they wasn't hungry, for their father left them a lot of corn, and besides, they have both been at work all winter. No, they wasn't so awful hungry, and if you are a friend to the girl you had better learn her a lesson, and maybe she'll change her ways; but, if this ain't noticed, she'll grow up a thief, and end her days in the penitentiary."

Mason hesitated, partly convinced.

"Well, I don't know; maybe it would be best, but *I can't do it.* No, sir; if you want to, you can."

Lest the baker should relent from the permission he had so reluctantly given, Miller started at once upon his diabolical errand.

The warrant was issued, the fright-

ened child arrested for petty larceny, and the trial appointed to come off in three days. Poor Frank, he could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses. Could it be possible that his own darling sister was under arrest for stealing.

"What shall I do? What *can* I do?" he eagerly asked.

"Get a lawyer to defend her, of course," some one replied to his earnest question.

In his great excitement he had not thought of that, and he started hastily for Harding's office.

Finding that august personage in his room, he made the case known briefly, and, in a few earnest words, besought the lawyer's assistance. The little gray eyes looked over the steel-bowed spectacles, and, as he coolly scanned the excited boy, Harding replied:

"Ah, yes—I see—I understand; you want me to defend her, do you?"

"Oh, yes."

Though the words were simple, they bore a mighty volume of feeling, that must have moved any other heart; but Harding only laughed coarsely, and said:

"Yes; well, just hand me a retaining fee and I will consider you my client."

"A retaining fee," repeated Frank, with surprise. "What is that?"

"Well," answered Harding, "it is five or ten dollars, just as you please."

When his full meaning was comprehended by the friendless boy, it broke the seal of Nature's fountains, and tears filled the dark eyes, and quivered in the voice that had hitherto so bravely kept them back. He left Harding's office with bitter thoughts of mankind, and almost hating his race. He did not know that there was a strong feeling of sympathy for himself and his sister in the little community, although malicious gossips were not wanting who had "always wondered how they got along so well."

Earnest Dunbar was walking the street, feeling even more dejected than

usual, when he met Frank, evidently laboring under great excitement. He kindly inquired into the cause, and was not long in learning the story. Having been confined to his office for a few hours with a severe headache, he had heard nothing of the arrest, and his surprise and indignation knew no bounds. He promptly offered his legal services, which were gratefully accepted, and he went to work at the case with an inspiration that he had not felt for months.

The case was tried before the justice who presided over the petty legal difficulties of the western town, and the evidence on the part of the prosecution was so positive, and the prejudice against Earnest so strong, that he was again defeated, and poor Miriam pronounced "guilty." It would be no exaggeration to say that Dunbar felt this terrible blow as keenly as the poor little prisoner and her brother; but he determined that his helpless client should not be sacrificed, and his own reputation utterly ruined, and he promptly appealed the case.

On the morning of the final trial the court-house was crowded to its utmost capacity long before the prisoner appeared. When the long-suffering girl was led in by the sheriff, followed by her devoted brother, a murmur of deep sympathy ran through the room. Her pale cheeks and quivering lips made a warm appeal to every heart, and her large dark eyes, though swollen with constant weeping, still gleamed with the light of truth. Harding again appeared as counsel for the prosecution, and the same witnesses testified precisely as before, and it seemed as if nothing was wanting to complete the evidence.

People wondered why the young lawyer should appeal the case when the facts were so evident. One or two besides Mason testified to the repeated losses, and also to the fact that Miriam had free access to the shop during the day, and Mason could not tell positively

whether the thefts were committed in the night or during the day, except the last,—and that he was sure had occurred in the night, but his evidence was positive as to the identity of the loaves found in the Weston cabin, and he could form no suspicion of how they came there, if the girl was not guilty, though he freely testified to her good character for promptness and integrity so far as he knew. The cross-examination by Dunbar elicited nothing farther, and Miller was next called to the stand. He swore positively that on the night in question he had *seen* Miriam Weston enter the bakery by the front window and return bringing with her the basket of loaves. He said he was in the front chamber over the saloon, and just opposite the bakery; he happened to be up with a sick child, and on looking across the street he saw Miriam by the light of the moon standing near the door of the bakery, and curiosity led him to watch her. His testimony was very clear and explicit—evidently well prepared, but the rigid cross-examination which Earnest immediately instituted, evidently confused him.

"What time was it that you were up and saw her commit the act?"

"It was a little after eleven," replied the witness.

"Are you *positive* in regard to the time?"

Yes, he was *sure*, for the clock struck eleven immediately after he arose from bed.

"You say you *saw* and *recognized* her," pursued Dunbar. "Now you were *across the street*, and it was *night*; is it not *possible* that you were mistaken in the identity of the prisoner?"

"No," replied Miller; "the moon shone brightly into her face as I looked, and I could not be deceived."

"How long was it from the time she came there until she departed with her booty?"

"Probably fifteen minutes—certainly

not over twenty minutes," replied the witness.

"Now," said the counsel for the defence, drawing himself up and locking the witness steadily in the eye, "you do positively swear that you did see the prisoner on the night of the 20th of February commit the theft at the hour of eleven?"

Miller quailed for a moment, before Dunbar's piercing gaze, and then responded, "*I do.*"

"And you do positively swear that you saw her by the light of the moon, and therefore could not be mistaken in her identity?"

The witness again responded, "*I do.*"

"That is all," said Dunbar, as he added the last replies to his notes. "May it please the court, I have done with the witness."

The witnesses for the defence were then called. First, Frank Weston, who could only testify to the utter ignorance of himself and Miriam as to the presence of the loaves in their humble home, and then Robert Nelson was called to the stand. Miller turned pale when Nelson came forward, for he had been a clerk in Miller's establishment and their acquaintance had been rather more extensive than was altogether favorable to Miller's reputation. Nelson testified that he believed Miller to be dishonest, and had left his employ on that account, that during the latter part of his stay, while boarding in the family, he had noticed that the table was frequently supplied with baker's bread and cakes, but that he never knew Miller to purchase any, and that he believed at the time, they were stolen. He further stated that when he left Miller's he went to work for a man who lived about half way between the bakery and the Weston farm, and that on the morning of the 21st of February he was up early as usual and was going to his work, when he saw Miller hastening by with a basket on his arm; his curiosity was excited

and he watched him until he saw Miller approach the Weston farm, and then go around behind the granary instead of going into the house. The witness stated that he then left his post of observation and proceeded with his work. Still the query haunted his mind, what could Miller mean by his strange conduct? He finally left his work and went to look again. He then saw Frank and Miriam coming to their daily labor, and still watching, he soon saw Miller come out of his place of concealment and go into the house for a moment and then return without his basket, but with something in his hand, which he afterwards threw away. The witness then concluded that Miller had wished to surprise the children with a present and dismissed the matter from his mind. Great excitement prevailed in the courtroom during the giving of this evidence. Harding was evidently nonplussed, but commenced the cross-examination by asking,

"If you knew so much about this matter, how does it happen that we knew nothing of it before? Why did you not appear at the former trial?"

"Because," replied the witness, "on that day I heard that my father was lying dangerously sick about twenty miles from here, and started immediately to go to him; I consequently knew nothing of this affair until I saw Mr. Dunbar about two days ago. He learned that I had been in Miller's employ, and finding out where I was he came out there to get my testimony concerning Miller's character."

The cross-examination failed to affect the witness in any degree or to produce any appearance of discrepancy in his statements. Harding was considerably embarrassed by the turn that the case had taken—and his efforts, as the counsel for the prosecution, became ridiculous from their inefficiency. When Dunbar arose to make his plea, his fine face was fairly luminous with the inspi-



ration of his cause, and the light of triumph already gleamed in his eye, while his voice was as clear as the chime of a silver bell. First he went over, briefly, Miller's testimony and reminded the court and jury that Miller had *seen* the theft committed at eleven o'clock on the night of the 20th, and had identified the prisoner by the *light of the moon*. He then proved by the calendar a fact which they had not before thought of, viz. that on that 20th of February *the moon did not rise until one o'clock and forty minutes*.

When this point was presented the house fairly rung with the echoes of prolonged applause; he then forced upon the jury the points of Nelson's testimony, and produced the half loaf of bread that Miller had thrown away, to induce the belief that the children had eaten it. His speech was not long but he made every point tell like the strokes of the great clock of destiny. He closed by a pathetic narration of the condition of the orphan children and made a mighty appeal to the sympathies of the audience in their behalf.

No conscientious scruples were in his way now, and the resistless tide of his eloquence swayed his audience as the breezes sway a field of waving grain. The character of Miller was shown in its true colors and scathed as the lightning scathes the forest trees. The attentive throng hissed, wept or applauded as he willed, and when he closed, leaving the case in the hands of the jury, who gave a verdict of "*Not Guilty*," without leaving their seats, the prolonged shouts that went up from the crowd threatened to rend the very walls in their wild exultation. Miller had to be protected from the violence of the populace, and as soon as a warrant could be issued he was arrested for larceny and perjury. It was proposed that the sympathy of the crowd should take a practical turn, and a purse of one hundred and fifty dollars was made up

and placed in the hands of Dunbar to be judiciously expended for the benefit of the children. Frank and Miriam clung gratefully to their benefactor, and as they poured out their broken thanks the young lawyer's eyes filled with happy tears and his heart was burdened with gratitude to the All Father, who had thus enabled him to defend the cause of innocence and purity. There were but few in the assemblage that rejoiced more sincerely over the result than the honest baker, who had been pained at every step of the proceedings; he was not very demonstrative in the courtroom, but when Frank and Miriam reached their humble home they found Mr. Mason already there with a large basket full of the choicest luxuries his little shop afforded. Great was the rejoicing in the little cabin that night and as the children alternately laughed and cried in each other's arms, Miriam exclaimed,

"All this makes me think of the text our mother used to love so well; you remember it says, '*When my father and mother forsake me the Lord will take me up.*'"

"Yes," responded Frank, "and that other you know she learned us to say, '*I have been young and now I am old, yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread,*' and you know Miriam we have never quite begged for bread, though we used to think sometimes that ours was '*mighty dry.*'"

A mysterious choking sensation seemed to come over the baker and he found an occasion for his handkerchief soon afterwards. He did not say much after that but soon bade them good night, and if his voice quivered a little, the children were too happy to notice it.

Earnest Dunbar felt that he had something more to live for as he voluntarily assumed the guardianship of his new clients. Frank and Miriam were



placed at school, and the following season the prairie farm was rented and by a judicious use of the annual proceeds the heirs were comfortably provided for and well educated. The young lawyer soon found that his generous act had brought its own reward, the tide of popular feeling was rapidly turned in his favor, and many who had formerly avoided him, suddenly found out that they "had always liked him."

His little office was crowded with clients and fortune bade him welcome to her fickle favors. But if he was true to the heaven-born principles of justice and truth in the dark hours of his strong trial, he would not allow the golden sun of prosperity to wither the fair garlands of virtue. He remained true to his early vows and carefully examined every case until he was satisfied of its justice before he undertook its defence. This fact became so well known that when Earnest Dunbar appeared as the advocate of any cause, the court and

jury felt at once that he was the champion of *right*, and with the established prestige of virtue he always wore the victor's crown in the legal arena. Frank Weston studied law with him and learning the watchword of justice he soon became a successful practitioner. "Westward the star of empire takes its way" until the prairies are no longer lonely or barren, and the little village that witnessed the above scenes has grown to be a city of no mean proportions, and there Earnest Dunbar still lives, not only a distinguished member of the bar, but an ornament to the judicial bench where he now presides with the same earnestness of purpose and purity of heart that characterized the boy beside his mother's grave. Miriam Weston has developed into a noble-hearted woman, and amid the courtly halls of Judge Dunbar's splendid mansion, she is the light of his home—*his gentle wife*.

December, 1868.

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## LEGEND OF MARGUERITE.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

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NOT far from Altorf is a valley which bears the name of the Valley of Engelberg. In this valley there was once a cottage, and in this cottage lived a young girl about fourteen years old—almost a child. She was an orphan, and was cared for by her grandmother. Her name was Marguerite.

When she was fifteen years old, Marguerite died. She had been good, gentle and modest. But she had developed her virtues in solitude, and when she disappeared she was forgotten by everybody, even by her grandmother, whose

memory was much weakened by age. But if the young girl was forgotten in the world, the angels, less distracted with cares than men, thought of her in heaven. One of the most beautiful of them, white as the snow of the mountains, with an aureole of light about his head, and wings of azure, came and visited the stone of the tomb where Marguerite reposed. He awoke her; she smiled at him, and the following dialogue took place between them:

*Angel*—Some portion of thee should live again, sweet child. I will transform

the purest portion of thee into a flower. As the reward of thy virtue, God permits thee to choose. What is the flower thou preferrest? What is the one thou believest to be the most faithful image of thy soul? Dost thou wish to become a tulip?

*Marguerite*—No. The tulip has no perfume. It is beautiful, but it is not useful.

*Angel*—A lily?

*Marguerite*—The lily raises itself too much above the other flowers. It is beautiful, but it is not modest.

*Angel*—A rose?

*Marguerite*—The rose has thorns; it wounds the hand that would gather it. It is beautiful, but it is not good.

*Angel*—Become then a violet. This flower has a sweet perfume; it does not raise itself above its companions; it has no thorns to wound the hand that is

stretched out to gather it. It is useful, modest and good.

*Marguerite*—Blessed angel, hast thou not said thou wilt permit me to choose the flower I would become?

*Angel*—Certainly.

*Marguerite*—Well, I wish that the mortal part of me may become a snow-drop.

*Angel*—Thou wishest then to live when all things else are withered. Thou wishest to flourish when all things else are dead.

*Marguerite*—I will tell of the coming of Spring, and upon him who bends his eyes upon me I will smile like hope.

Here ended the dialogue. The angel made no reply. He returned to the habitations of the blessed. But soon, among the snows of the Alps in April, a white flower rose over a tomb. The wish of *Marguerite* was fulfilled.

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## EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

BY HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

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IN all the realm of animated nature there is nothing so absolutely helpless as a child when it first opens its eyes upon the world. And yet there is nothing of vaster importance. The greatest works of art will perish. The cataract of Niagara will cease to flow. The proudest nation, whose conquering eagles have defied a continent, will pass away. But the sleeping infant, in its mother's arms, may even, in its brief span of earthly years, like Moses, David or Paul; or Homer, Plato or Demosthenes; or Cæsar, Washington or Lincoln; or Zenobia, Joan of Arc or Florence Nightingale, *so live* that history shall never tire of the record of its

deeds while time doth last or this earth of ours endure.

We come, too, into this breathing world with Good and Evil mysteriously combined within us. But a little time, comparatively, passes by before the child develops temper, self-will, defiance, anger, revenge, in a greater or milder degree, and compels that parental restraint so valuable and necessary in every household. And thus the Spirit of Good and the Spirit of Evil struggle for the mastery in every heart. With every good impulse drawing us toward the Right, and every wicked temptation and unrestrained passion drawing us toward the Wrong,

we commence the earnest, ceaseless  
Battle of Life.

"Our birth is but a starting place,  
Life is the running of the race,  
And death the goal."

Properly trained, conscientiously directed, the child grows up into the affectionate, enlightened, energetic, self-denying man or woman, an honor and a blessing to the community, loved while living, and when life's fitful fever is over, remembered by many hearts long after the funeral flowers of the cemetery have blossomed on their grave. But how different the life and character of him who, unblessed by healthful and virtuous surroundings, or madly defying them all, cultivates only the evil side of his nature! Like the rank weed of your garden, it soon extirpates all that is good and valuable; and you see before you a life, of which you cannot truthfully say that it is worthless, because it is far worse.

All around us we see this contest. And the responsibilities for its results lie at our very door. Whether those who are to come after us shall have every advantage to arm and strengthen themselves against the influence of Evil, depends in a large degree on the conduct of the generation which precedes them in the family circle, or the wider sphere of the community wherein they dwell.

It is *men* that make the State. An island full of savages can be nothing but a savage State. Where the people worship idols of wood and stone, mankind call it a heathen State. A country of impure men must be an impure State. But where morality and intelligence prevail, and Right bears sway, and Conscience is respected and obeyed, the onlooking world recognizes that *there* is a country worthy to be embraced in the circle of Christendom, and to rank high among the civilized States of the earth.

The hope of any country must, there-

fore, always be with its young. With them we see the candle of life, not like us of middle age, half consumed, but just lit; and so to be trimmed that it shall burn brighter and brighter till it expires in the socket. And this fact has been recognized in every age of the world. Heraclitus, who twenty-five hundred years ago was called the crying philosopher, refused to accept the chief magistracy of his nation, preferring to spend his time in educating children than even to govern the corrupt Ephesians. Catiline, when he sought, two thousand years ago, to overthrow the liberties of his country, and—as traitors in our own era have done—to act the parricide toward the land which had given him birth, and honors, and power, attempted first to corrupt the younger Romans, and thus to win them to his nefarious endeavors.

If you concede, then—as you must, for History is full of its proofs—that the hope of a country is with its young, how priceless are the hundreds of institutions like this, and the tens of thousands of schools of other grades in which our land rejoices to-day! How truly did Cicero declare: "Study cherishes youth, delights age, adorns prosperity, furnishes support in adversity, carries with us by night and by day, and attends us in all our journeyings and wanderings!" And again, when, on another occasion, that eloquent orator eulogized Wisdom: "For what is there," said he, "more desirable than Wisdom? What more excellent and lovely in itself? What more useful and becoming for a man? Or what more worthy of his reasonable nature?" And, in the inspired record, Solomon, in even a loftier strain than the master of Roman eloquence, exclaims, "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding; for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand

riches and honor. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee. She shall bring to thy head an ornament of grace. A crown of glory shall she deliver to thee."

Recognizing, as I trust all of you do, without further argument or illustration, that the mind, like the earth, yields the richest fruit only when cultivated, I wish to improve this opportunity accidentally opened to me by a few remarks, first to the teachers, and lastly to the taught.

Of all the earthly professions I know of none more honorable, more useful, wider-reaching in its influence, than the profession of the teacher. If faithful in this vocation, they have a right to claim, as John Howard did, that their monument should be a sun-dial, not ceasing to be useful even after death. They are to so fill the fountains of the minds committed to their charge, that from thence shall ever flow streams fertilizing and beneficent; and they are to be the exemplars for the young before them in healthful moral influence, which is the foundation of character.

As no one is fit to be an officer in war who has not heroic blood in his veins, or to be an artist who has no esthetic taste, or to be a poet who does not understand the power of rhythm or meter, or to be a historian or a statesman without a broad and comprehensive mind, so no one should be a teacher who has not a heart full of love for the profession, and an energy and enthusiasm willing joyously to confront all its responsibilities. It requires great patience, untiring industry, abounding kindness, pure unselfishness, and fidelity to duty and principle. And when happily combined, success is absolutely assured.

And first let me say, as children resemble their parents in feature, so will they resemble in character the teacher who trains their youthful years. If that teacher has an excess of the gall of bit-

terness instead of the milk of human kindness, its daily exhibition will assist in the development of the evil side of all who witness it. But if, on the contrary, he or she brings sunshine into the room when they enter—diffuses happiness, by genial conduct, on all around them—plays on the heart-strings of their pupils by the mystic power of love—the very atmosphere they thus create will be warm with affection and trusting confidence; and that better nature, which is ever struggling within us for the mastery over evil, will be strengthened and developed into an activity which will give it healthful power for all after-life.

It is for this reason the teacher should ever be just what he would have his pupils become, that they may learn by the precept of *example* as well as by the precept of *instruction*. He should find the way to the heart of every one within his circle, and lead him thereby into the walks of knowledge and virtue, not *driving* by will but *attracting* by love; and, if he searches faithfully, he will find the heart of even the most wayward. It may be overlaid with temper, selfishness, even with wickedness; but it can be, nay, it *must* be, reached and touched.

The teacher, too, should be an exemplar in punctuality, order, and discipline, for in all these his pupils will copy him. He can only *obtain* obedience by himself obeying the laws he is to enforce. A minister who does not practice what he preaches will find that his most earnest exhortations fall heedless on leaden ears; and children of both a smaller and a larger growth quickly detect similar inconsistencies. Whoever would rightly guide youthful footsteps must lead correctly himself; and one of our humorous writers has compressed a whole volume into a sentence when he says, "to train up a child in the way he should go, *walk in it yourself*."

Finally, let the teacher, recognizing the true nobility and the far-reaching

influence of his profession, stretching beyond mature years, or middle age, or even the last of earth, and beyond the stars to a deathless eternity, pursue his daily duties with ardor, with earnestness of purpose, with tireless energy. 'And let him feel that as a State is honored by its worthiest sons—as Kentucky enshrines the name of her Clay, and Tennessee her Jackson, and Massachusetts her Adams, Webster and Everett, and Rhode Island her Roger Williams, and Pennsylvania her Franklin, and Illinois her Lincoln, and New York and Virginia their scores of illustrious sons—so will his pupils rise up to honor him if he so trains them as to be worthy of their honor. Success *will* be his if he but deserves it. Gov. Boutwell, who added to his fame as chief magistrate of Massachusetts by gracing for years the superintendency of her unrivaled educational system, said truly and tersely, "Those who succeed are the men who believe they can succeed; and those who fail are those to whom success would have been a surprise."

I pass from this rapid review of the duties of a teacher to a few thoughts addressed more especially to students. Let me leave the beaten road of educational addresses, and saying nothing of history, geography, grammar, astronomy, mathematics, the languages, and other special accomplishments, ask your attention to *characteristics* that it seems to me should be cultivated and developed. Not that I would not inculcate, primarily, every possible acquisition of knowledge. Learn all we can in a lifetime, and we shall feel at last like that eminent and self-taught Grecian philosopher, Socrates, who said that all he professed to know was that he knew nothing; or, as Isaac Newton more strikingly expressed the same idea in his oft-quoted simile, that he felt like a child on the shore of time, picking up a few pebbles, while the great ocean lay unexplored before him. But I would improve these pass-

ing moments by some suggestions as to those elements of character and thought that seem essential to a well-rounded life. And in using the masculine in referring to students as well as teachers, I do it for brevity only, intending of course to include both sexes; for neither sex is inferior or superior as such. Man is fitted by nature for rough contact with the world; woman for the more graceful duties of the domestic circle. Man for the hard, stern, laborious labor of life; woman to really rule the world, by being the mothers of those who are to govern it.

Conspicuous among these characteristics is the duty of Self-control, and its natural offspring, Self-reliance. The great maxim of Socrates was "Know thyself"—the famous inscription on the Delphic temple, which the ancients claimed came down from the skies. I cannot, in a brief address, even allude to all which is embraced in these two comprehensive words—Self-control.

The inspired record declares in language which combines counsel with prophecy, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." You *must* master yourself. You *must* rule your passions and your temper, or they will rule you. It is strength to have moral principle. It is strength to stand up against shocks of adversity. It is strength to be calm and self-contained, even when the arrows of malice pierce you most cruelly. It is strength to perform your whole duty to man without hope of reward. The man of unbending moral principle is a real hero. The man who stands erect, with his heel on the demon of Temptation, hydra-headed as it is, is nobler and stronger than the most gifted statesman or the conquering chief. The taint of sin gives all of us passions, temper, and evil, and opens a hundred avenues to the tempter. To close them all, and to live true to yourself and the right is to bless your

own heart while you bless mankind. Your character is to be built up like a dam in a river. While being compacted and solidified, the restrained waters, like evil passions and wicked impulses, seek to break through; a single breach, and it widens; and at last the torrent destroys. But guard against the smallest fracture, and it is safe, and strengthens year by year, until at last, firm as the anchored rock, it breasts the mightiest floods and freshets unharmed. Without this enlightened, unyielding Self-control, our life is like a ship, without compass or rudder, blown about by every wind, and at last wrecked upon the beach. But with it, it is like the same ship with a safe, strong arm at the helm that holds her to her course when the storm-cloud lowers or the angry gale seeks to drive her toward the breakers; that avoids the shoals and hidden rocks, and brings her safely into port.

In this endeavor fail not to war against Vice in all its myriad forms. Evil is often robed in splendid attire; but however gorgeous the monumental shaft, yet within is always corruption and decay. The apple may appear tempting and beautiful to the eye; but if the canker-worm is at the core, it is destined to a rottenness no earthly power can avert. It is the *first* approach, too, which should be the most sternly repulsed. Each temptation, from without or from within, which moral rectitude enables us to resist, leaves us that much stronger for the next encounter. But woe to her or him who yields. At each successive attack the moral stamina becomes weaker and weaker, as the walls of even a Sebastopol lose their protective value whenever a single breach in them is made. How truthfully has a gifted poet declared:

"We are not worst at once. The course of evil  
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,  
An infant's hand could stem its breach with clay.  
But let the stream grow deeper, and philosophy,  
Aye, and religion, too, shall strive in vain  
To stem the headlong torrent."

All writers on education agree that the chief means of intellectual improvement are five: Observation, Conversation, Reading, Memory and Reflection. But I have sometimes thought that educators did not bring out the two last into the commanding and paramount importance they deserve, sacrificing them to a wider range of reading and of studies. Knowledge is not what we learn, but what we *retain*. It is not what people eat, but what they *digest*, that makes them strong. It is not the amount of money they handle, but what they *save*, that makes them rich. It is not what they read or study, but what they *remember*, that makes them learned. And Memory, too, is one of those wondrous gifts of God to man that should be assiduously cultivated. Much of your mental acquisitions will form a secret fund, locked up even from your own eyes till you need to bring it to use; a mystery that no philosopher has yet been, or ever will be, able to explain. There it lies hidden, weeks, months, years and scores of years, till mayhap a half century afterward it bursts when needed, at Memory's command, upon the mind like a hidden spring bubbling up at the very hour of need in the pathway of the thirsty traveler.

While I have counseled Self-reliance, and would go further and urge you to labor to deserve the good opinion of your fellow-men, I do not counsel that longing for fame which is so much more largely developed under our free republic than in any other realm upon the globe. Lord Mansfield once uttered as advice, what history teaches us he should have declared as an axiom, that that popularity is alone valuable and enduring which follows you, not that which you run after. It was Sumner Lincoln Fairfield who wrote:

"Fame! 'tis the madness of contending thought,  
Tolling in tears, aspiring in despair;  
Which steals like love's delirium o'er the brain,  
And, while it buries childhood's purest joys,  
Wakes manhood's dreary agonies into life."

Far be it from me to counsel longings for such a fame as this. "Toiling in tears, aspiring in despair," is but a poor preparation for the enjoyment of popular honors or the performance of public trusts. And there is an exceedingly better way. It is to climb, young men, with buoyant heart, the Hill of Knowledge. It is to boldly scale the Alps and Apennines which ever rear themselves in your pathway. It is to feel your sinews strengthen, as they will, with every obstacle you surmount. It is to *build yourself*, developing mental strength, untiring energy and sleepless zeal, fervent patriotism and earnest principle, until the public shall feel that you are the man they need, and that they must command you into the public service. And if, perchance, that call should not happen to come, and you should be forced to remain an American sovereign instead of becoming a public servant, you shall have your reward in the rich stores of knowledge you have thus collected, and which shall ever be at your command. More valuable than earthly treasure—while fleets may sink, and storehouses consume, and banks may totter, and riches flee—the intellectual investments you have thus made will be permanent and enduring, unfailing as the constant flow of Niagara or Amazon; a bank whose dividends are perpetual, whose wealth is undiminished, however frequent the drafts upon it, which, though moth may impair, yet which thieves cannot break through nor steal. Nor will you be able to fill these storehouses to their full. Pour into a glass a stream of water, and at last it fills to the brim and will not hold another drop. But you may pour into your mind, through a whole lifetime, streams of knowledge from every conceivable quarter, and not only shall it never be full, but it will constantly thirst for more, and welcome each fresh supply with a greater joy. Nay, more. To all

around you may impart of these gladdening streams which have so fertilized your own mind; and yet, like the candle, from which a thousand other candles may be lit, without diminishing its flame, your own supply shall not be impaired. On the contrary, your knowledge, as you add to it, will itself attract still more as it widens your realm of thought; and thus will you realize in your own life the parable of the Ten Talents, for "to him that hath shall be given."

I cannot pass by in silence another characteristic so necessary for a worthy, useful, honored life. It is that moral courage which sustains those who stand frankly, fearlessly, inflexibly for what their conscience tells them is the right. *Vox populi* has not always been *Vox Dei*, and when it requires of you what duty to yourself or your country forbids you to perform, it is *Vox Diaboli*. From the graves of the fathers of our land come the words both of instruction and example—teaching us rather to imitate, as they did, the fearlessness of Paul when he stood, proudly and alone, before Felix, than the craven cowardice of Pilate when he shrunk from what he confessed to be his duty before a blinded and infuriated populace. Truth may have, as in the olden time, but a single worshipper, while Baal has his thousands of priests. And the man who stands fearlessly for the right amid the devotees of wrong; who wars, single-handed if need be, against tyranny or treason where Evil and Injustice have their legions of minions; who loves the good and follows in its ways because it is the right, and eschews error and wickedness, however easy and profitable may be its service; who calmly and confidently looks to the future for his vindication; and who, like Christian in that sacred Iliad, the "Pilgrim's Progress," presses forward in the journey of life with steady and fearless step, regardless of Apollyon, of Vanity Fair, or even the giant Despair—that



man, whether in palace or cottage, under a republican or despotic flag, the most learned or the most illiterate of his land, is the true moral victor on the battle-field of Life. He shall have his reward; for in that land where the streets are gold, and the gates are pearl, and the walls are jasper and sapphire, his star of victory shall shine brighter and brighter; while the laurels of scepter and of crown, of office and of fame, shall wither into the dust and ashes out of which they were formed.

How forcibly were all these duties imprinted on my mind whilst listening, some years since, to a lecture for young men from that twice-repeated proverb of Solomon, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of Death!" And as these ways were pointed out, I was reminded of one of the precepts of that eminent philosopher, Pythagoras, who, though born in Samos nearly six hundred years before the Christian era, converted by his teachings a wicked and corrupt nation to sobriety, virtue and frugality, and whose quaint simile seemed to be based upon that very inculcation of the Old Testament. It was, "Remember that the paths of virtue and of vice resemble the letter Y." Starting at the same point, the roads soon diverge to the right and to the left. It was Persius, I think, who, hundreds of years afterward, wrote of this precept:

"There did the Samian Y instruction make,  
Pointed the road thy doubtful foot should take;  
There warned thy faltering and unpracticed youth  
To tread the rising right-hand path of Truth."

Thus shall you win the noble attribute of virtuous Self-reliance—not the arrogance of egotism and the vanity of self-esteem, but the manly independence of a manly mind—the fidelity to your own conscience and to principle—the assurance that if you have planted yourself on the rock of truth, if you have armed yourself with the panoply of justice, if you have guarded yourself with the

shield of right, "even the gates of hell shall not prevail against you."

Nor can I leave this boundless theme, which widens before me as I progress, without alluding to that duty which towers above all others, both in the magnitude of its sphere and the commanding authority of Him who proclaimed it. Up through the long procession of centuries our minds travel back to that sacred mount where the assembled multitudes from Galilee, and Decapolis, and Jerusalem, and Judea, and from beyond Jordan, listened reverently to Him who spake as never man had spoken before. And after that striking exordium of blessings, and the subsequent inculcations of love, of charity, of concord, of forbearance, of humility, and of prayer, he opened the peroration of that extraordinary discourse which stands without a rival in the realm of sacred or human eloquence, with that which he announced as the embodiment and concentration of all:

"*THEREFORE all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them; for this is the law and the prophets.*"

Some there are who regard this comprehensive rule of action and of life as paraphrased from that eminent and learned Chinese philosopher, Confucius, who, five hundred years before, had laid down as a maxim, that none should do unto their fellows what they would not have done to themselves. But apart from the broad distinction between the affirmative command of the one and the bare negation of the other, the rule itself, thus laid down on the Mount, is but a repetition and condensation of what the Creator had declared to Moses, in the tabernacle of the Congregation, a thousand years before Confucius lived and died. "Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor, neither rob him." "Thou shalt not avenge nor bear any grudge against the children of the people." And then, rising from the language of prohibition to that of command, here, in the same

spirit as on the Mount, fifteen centuries after, the conclusion of the whole matter is, "But thou *shalt* love thy neighbor as thyself."

Such is the rule of all rules—the duty of all duties—the law of all law—for human conduct in this wide world of ours. How it sparkles in its brilliancy in contrast with the iron rule of tyranny, which teaches that "might makes right." How it glows in the firmament when compared with what has been called the silver rule of the earth, which bids you to mete out to others as they have measured to you! Rightly has the whole civilized world recognized the inspired command as indeed the golden rule. And if lived up to by all on earth, what a paradise would it make of this globe. May it ever go before you as the pillar of fire of old, guiding your footsteps and governing your lives.

I cannot close this address, which you have already found has treated of the education of the heart more than of the mind—the moral nature more than the intellectual—without insisting that all of you have it in your power to make this world happier and better by your presence in it, and that you have no right to hide this power in a napkin. Look around you on every side as you go out from these walls into the busy world. You will find some selfish, cold, austere, repulsive, forbidding. No noble charity affects their souls. No unselfish duty warms their natures. No generous act unlocks their hearts. No blessings are invoked upon their heads. Living for self alone, they carry with them to their graves hearts of steel and faces of iron. But there are others active in every good word and work. Is there a cry of distress? They do not

lecture the unfortunate, but promptly proffer the helping hand. Is there misery to be assuaged? Is there a wounded heart that needs the oil of consolation? Do the rough winds of adversity smite their neighbor?—and all mankind is your neighbor. How cheerfully they speed on their errand of humanity! How joyously they go forth on their labor of love! My young friends, the true felicity of this world is in making others happy. It is this which fills your own soul with joy. It is this which causes a constant influx of gladness into your own heart. For in blessing others you bless yourself. To me the most beautiful couplet in the English language is,

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun  
Views from thy hand no noble action done."

None of us can live up to this noble lesson of life fully; but in *striving* toward this ideal, you shall diffuse a genial sunshine around you, which will make you, in many hearts, beloved while living and mourned when dead. Lord Bacon said most beautifully that "man's heart was not an island cut off from all other lands, but a continent which joins them." And if you will thus, while educating the intellect, and enlarging the mind, and filling yourselves with the priceless knowledge you acquire here, and which is to fit you for useful members of society hereafter, also educate the heart, widening the sphere of your affections and the scope of your duty to the less fortunate who are ever near to your very doors, you shall all

"Earn names that win

Happy remembrance from the great and good.  
Names that shall sink not in oblivion's flood,  
But with clear music, like a church-bell's chime,  
Sound through the river's sweep of onward rushing  
time."

## EXPEDITION TO PORT ROYAL.

BY EUGENE TAYLOR.

[The readers of the MONTHLY will call to mind the fact that a terrible storm arose soon after the departure, from Hampton Roads, of the expedition to Port Royal, which the writer of the following lines has, we think, beautifully described.—EDS.]

WHERE the glorious seas their fountains made,  
And the crystal walls of the deep were laid;  
Where the mariner's song was borne afar,  
On the bracing breath of the ocean air—  
Far o'er the waste of the watery plain,  
On the briny surge of the pathless main,  
A gallant fleet had set her snowy sails,  
To catch from heaven the favoring gales.

Full fifty loyal ships that autumn day  
Gallantly southward were wending their way;  
From the mast-head high their banners rolled  
As they swept through the sunset's flood of gold,  
Or calmly sailed 'neath the moon's bright beams,  
Where, flashing in glory, the starlight gleams.

But, lo! what means that deep and angry cloud  
Wrapping the fair sky in a stormy shroud?  
From its dark folds the vivid lightnings flash,  
And o'er the main the heavy thunders crash;  
The storm-king waves his fearful banner high  
And points in triumph to the angry sky.  
His dread Armada sweeps the foaming sea,  
And o'er his track the dashing billows flee,  
Till they strike afar on the frowning rocks,  
Where, startled by their deep and heavy shocks,  
The sea-birds beat the air with restless wing,  
And out on the tempest their voices ring.

There the wild winds sweep with an unseen hand  
The mighty harps of Neptune's ocean band,  
And a moan, like a frightened spirit's wail,  
Is borne on the wings of the midnight gale,  
As the sad winds sigh o'er the creaking mast,  
Like some deep Æolian in the blast.  
The fleet is scattered by the storm-king's breath,  
And far o'er the deep sails the corsair, Death;  
His banner waving on the midnight air,  
'Mid lightning's flash and solemn music rare.

But the sea is His; He made the cold wave  
That bears on its crest the noble and brave.

From the fathomless deep to rockbound coast,  
With fearless hand He holds the mighty host  
Of restless waves. He bids them "Peace be still,"  
And calmly they sleep 'neath His mighty will.

So on that dark and fearful tempest night  
The star of hope still shed its brilliant light,  
And the peace angel flashed her snowy wing  
Across the wild path of the stormy king.  
Quietly the billows were rocked to sleep  
In the cold cradle of the briny deep;  
Peacefully the wild winds went to their rest,  
Or gently kissed old ocean's heaving breast.

With the heavy boom of the signal gun  
The rescued ships were gathered, one by one,  
And steadily they bent their warlike course  
To the land where treason had found its source.

On the fair face of the silvery bay,  
In the golden morn of a lovely day,  
Those ocean steamers formed their noble line;  
And, when the flag-ship gave her battle-sign,  
With flying banners and open ports  
Gallantly they stormed the rebel forts,  
While o'er the bay their crashing thunders fell—  
The first deep notes of treason's funeral knell.

Their charging thunder-bolts were quickly thrown  
With a power that Vulcan ne'er could own.  
His fearful arm might reach, but reach in vain;  
For the awful torrent of iron rain  
That came to the forts, like the voice of doom,  
With screaming shells and cannons' heavy boom.

'Mid the moans of death, 'mid the battle smoke,  
The gallant men their soundings coolly spoke,  
While they poured a tempest of burning hail  
From every ship that bore a whitened sail;  
And onward still those dauntless warriors came,  
In a fearful circle of fire and flame.  
Like destroying angels, they swept the coast  
Where flaunted still that bitter, reckless boast—  
*A traitor flag! But see, 'tis coming down.*  
From the fortress dark with her rocky crown  
The stripes and stars in glory wave on high,  
While o'er the deep and strong against the sky  
The mighty cheers, from manly hearts are borne.  
And Beaufort's royal port is open thrown,  
While freedom loudly chimes her anthem bell  
O'er mountain top and on the ocean swell.

December, 1868.

## HAWTHORNE.\*

BY ROBERT COLLYER.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, raciest name in American letters, was born in the queer old city of Salem, that he has made so mysterious and yet familiar to us through his writings. He came of an old sea-faring race, that time out of mind had left their home, gone to sea, and risen through storm and shine to the rank of captain, and then, at last, had come back for good, and all to the old place, to die. The father of HAWTHORNE was a sailor, the last of the line that followed the sea. He died when NATHANIEL was six years old. His mother after this carried the boy into Maine and sent him in due time to college, where he had Longfellow, the poet, and Franklin Pierce for classmates, and whence also he graduated. And then, as if Nature would be avenged for all the gadding about of all the HAWTHORNES, he retired into a seclusion so deep as to be seldom seen even in his own family circle; wrote wild tales, on which he had no more mercy than the old HAWTHORNES had for the witches, for he burnt them; printed a romance in Boston in 1832, of which no man knoweth the sepulchre unto this day; sat at the receipt of customs, under Mr. Bancroft, on the Long Wharf in Boston, and there showed enough of the salt to make him a favorite with the sailors; went out of that, when Harrison set up his log cabin, into the Brook Farm experiment, the mother-bird of his "Blithedale Romance;" married when he was forty, and went to live in that Old Manse at Concord, of whose mosses he has preserved such exquisite specimens. Then the new wave of democracy that carried Polk into the white-house carried HAWTHORNE into the custom-house at Salem; but when the Whigs

divided the spoils, they snatched HAWTHORNE's bit of loaf among the rest. In 1853 Franklin Pierce made him Consul at Liverpool, the best thing he had in his gift. In 1857 this was done with, and after some travel on the continent of Europe, HAWTHORNE came home to die. And so, on one of the softest and sweetest May-days that ever breathed over New England, with apple blossoms from the orchard of the Old Manse and his last manuscript laid on his coffin, he was buried, with floods of sunshine about him, on the crowning eminence of the beautiful cemetery at Concord—with a multitude of New England's children standing about his dust, while James Freeman Clarke, his dear friend, said words of hope and consolation to the weepers at the grave.

For in the years that had come and gone since his stillborn romance was buried in a level grave in Boston, HAWTHORNE had done better things than acting as a tide-waiter to a political party. He had written some books of a quality and flavor as separate, unique and rare as the "Heart of Mid Lothian" or "Adam Bede," and had done more than any other man, except Emerson, to establish our claim to a literature of our own—something smacking of our own sun and soil—the true wine of the American vintage. And the reason for this lies in the fact that HAWTHORNE was, in the purest sense, no doubt, a man of genius. Yet I am aware, when I say this, that few things are more difficult than to tell what genius really is. "It is common sense intensified," says one. "It is the power to make vast effort," says another. "It is unconquerable patience," Buffon says; and John Foster, "It is the faculty to light your own fire." "It is a

\* Note-Books of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co., 1868.

mind of large powers accidentally determined in some particular direction," says ponderous six-syllabled Samuel Johnson; and so on infinitely. I think one thing in the genius for literature is that which will never let the book that is full of genius lose its novelty. It is the greatest thing a man can do, yet that which he does most spontaneously, "never cackling over his effort," as Carlyle says, and wondering why all the world does not wonder at it.

It is related of George the Fourth, of England, that he had some wine of a wonderful quality he treasured for rare occasions befitting a king. His butler, supposing the occasion would never come, drank the wine, and then it did come, and word was given that the wine must be ready on such a day. The butler went to a great wine merchant to try if he could not find some. There was none to be had in the three kingdoms, but the merchant said, "If you have left a single bottle in the cellar, I can make you as much as you want and defy the king to tell the difference, if it is used within a week, but after a week it will be no better than dishwater." The story illustrates the difference between pure genius and mere talent. A man of talent will write a book that will sell like the "Ledger." Genius will write a book that will have to darkle and ripen down in the publisher's cellars, but the wine of genius percolates through twenty centuries into the comet year, and once ripened and gathered, the time that turns the work of mere talent into dishwater, puts spirit and life into the work of genius. I can remember when Tennyson was excluded from the Subscription Library in Leeds, because, as they said, he was only a newspaper poet. I suppose Shakespeare did not understand himself so well as many bright souls now understand him, because his genius has ripened, and grown strong and fine through time. This is some hint of genius, and HAWTHORNE was a man of

genius, so he had to submit to this common experience of his order. He claimed for a long time to be the most thoroughly unknown author in America. If the noble gentleman whose name now stands at the head of the firm that has published HAWTHORNE'S Note Books, and whose service to American literature is beyond all praise, will sometime print a book like "Lackington's Confessions," I hope it will contain a story he told me once of the way he found the "Scarlet Letter" and the author of it. It is among the most touching and pathetic things I ever listened to. HAWTHORNE, then, was clean broken down. The public neglect had chilled him, and made him feel that his idea of writing to any purpose was a mere chimera. And it is sad also to remember now that all through these times this man of genius had to float out and in on the rising and falling tide of a political party. It is possible that we can never be quite in time with our aid to struggling men of this fine grain. It is none the less pitiful that a man like HAWTHORNE, proud, shy, and sensitive, as any soul God ever made, should have to be a camp follower, and wait on the fortunes of the campaign. And when Franklin Pierce stands before the great white throne of the generations to come, it will hide a multitude of sins, to remember that he loved his old schoolmate so well, as to give him the best he had, and so in money, at least, and what money will buy, to save this nation some such regret as the Scotch will always feel for their neglect of Burns.

Noticing HAWTHORNE'S genius briefly on the side of its limitations, I would venture to say that he is the Hamlet of the American mind. He sees deeply, but, on the whole, too sadly. No man among our writers equals him in the power to touch the innermost springs of the soul; and yet I think the whole result of what he does differs somehow from the whole truth and life, because

you can never rise from reading what he has written feeling quite so cheerful and confident in God and man, and life here and everywhere, as when you sat down. HAWTHORNE never really laughs with you, or life, or at you or at life. He will often tell you laughable things, yet there is little that is bright and breezy even in them. He speaks somewhere of his work as the "moonlight of romance." His light is the moonlight of life. If there was no greater light to rule the day than HAWTHORNE's, there would be neither corn nor roses. There is no great reach of bright, rippling sunlight in his books. A grain of nightshade pervades them all, as a grain of musk will pervade a chamber.

Then I wonder sometimes if it is not because HAWTHORNE's ancestors were such mighty witch-burning Puritans, that the sin was visited on the fourth generation, in that fatal faculty for seeing the grim side of Puritanism, and remaining sand-blind to so much in it that was beautiful and good. It is possible that the fine nature of the HAWTHORNES, culminating in this man, made it imperative that a blind devotion to Puritanism in the seventeenth century should grow into a blind prejudice against it in the nineteenth. Not seen so clearly, however, in his antagonism to the churches, and the religion so-called, but to the great anti-slavery movement—the ripest and best fruit of the old tree.

Then I would mention HAWTHORNE's preferences for what is fearful and criminal over what is healthy and inspiring, and the sense you have that the author is telling you what he has dreamed, rather than what he has seen and handled, while his dream still assumes a sharp and solid reality. So I don't expect, when I go to Salem, to meet the man whose wife lost five dollars by keeping a cent shop; but if Emerson had told me about him I should look out for him at every turn-

ing. These, I think, are HAWTHORNE's limitations, or some of them. But then it is the simple truth to say that we can find in this man's books what cannot be found, beside, in the native literature of this new world.

Each one of the HAWTHORNE's great works is devoted to the gradual development of a great idea. The "Scarlet Letter" is a revelation of the truth of Paul's words, that "some men's sins are open beforehand going before them to judgment, and some men's sins follow after them." In opening this truth through the sin on which the story turns, it is wonderful to notice how the man manages to keep on the exact line between a Puritan reserve and a wild imagination. Esther's slow and painful purification is crowned by no perfect happiness. Dimmesdale's confessions is only the last relief of the soul on earth from what must have barred its entrance into heaven, and he has to bear the dreadful burden of his secret sin into the holiest places a man can enter, until the weight and corrosion of it kills him. While the tall woman in gray, whose dust is laid in the old King's Chapel graveyard at last, is not buried so near another grave that their dust can ever mingle.

The "House of the Seven Gables" is devoted to the development of the idea that evil deeds can be transmitted, with an ever-gathering force, from age to age, blighting some life in every generation. HAWTHORNE makes the shadow of the first bad Pincheon hang like a black cloud about the house he built. It spoils the water in the well, eats into the heart of the roses on the wall. Every detail, to the minutest, points back to that old time. While the first Pincheon dead in his mint new house, with a gout of blood on his lips, and the last Pincheon dead in the same chair, and the same way; when the chips and shavings of the new building are turned to fat soil by the



long accumulation of dead leaves and blossoms, is a picture not to be surpassed for sombre grandeur. It reminds you of that ancient conception of eternity, a ring made of a serpent.

In the "Marble Faun," Hawthorne tries to show how, through sin, sudden and impulsive, like that of the prodigal, and after that true penitence, a man may reach a higher humanity than would probably have come to him if he had never transgressed. But one feels as if the finest thing in the "Marble Faun" must be its power to carry you, as on invisible wings, to Rome. I doubt whether any book in existence, beside, can give, in a few words, such a sense of the very Rome of Rome. It is not only that the things are photographs, but the impression, as you read the book, is precisely that which is made on you by the grandeur, the mournfulness, the sublimity and the pettiness of the old city, in which you get a new reading of the proverb, and lying down with the dust of the Cæsars, rise up with fleas.

But beside this great purpose, which I cannot follow further, running through HAWTHORNE'S books, who can tell what wonder there is in them, and nature, and humor, and pathos; how the witchery of his genius touches everything. Everybody falls in love with Phebe Pincheon at first sight, and, like all true lovers, can see no fault in anything she does. How I admire the way she pits herself against that ancient woman in a white short gown and green petticoat, who comes to barter her yarn for store goods. How I smack my lips at the beer she brews, nectarous to the palate and of a rare virtue to the stomach, and at the cakes she bakes, which whoever tastes, longingly desires to taste again. I know she will succeed in that shop, which in one day has driven poor old Hepsibah distracted, beside resulting in selling the best part of her stock for a few coppers and a bad ninepence—doing it all, too, as he says, with such a native gush and flow

of spirit that she is never perfectly quiet, any more than a fountain ever ceases to dimple and warble. Possessing, also, the gift of song so naturally, that you never think of asking her where she caught it, any more than you would think of asking a bird. I take back every word I said about HAWTHORNE'S genius being moonlight, in the presence of Phebe Pincheon. Phebe is sunlight, with a smell of sweet brier, and southern wood and fresh fallen rains, and free blowing winds, and all beside that is bright and good in a bright good woman. The mention of old maid Pincheon's shop again brings up HAWTHORNE'S queer, racy, pungent, pathetic humor, a humor that lurks in almost everything he says, but overflows in the "Blithdale Romance," and the "House of Seven Gables." It is a humor that reminds you of Charles Lamb, and yet you feel that they are as distinct as the tones of unrelated bells. "They told slanderous fables about our inability to yoke our own oxen, or to drive them afield, or to release the poor brutes from their bond at nightfall," he says, in the "Blithdale Romance," and "they had the face to say that the cows laughed at us for our milking, and always kicked the pails over because we set the stool on the wrong side. They said we hoed up whole acres of Indian corn, and drew the earth carefully about the weeds; that we raised five hundred tufts of burdock for cabbage, and spent the better part of the month of June in reversing a field of beans that had come up, as we supposed, wrong way first." I think this humor plays most beautifully, but with a wonderful wealth of pathos interthreading it, in his description of Hepsibah Pincheon keeping store. As she dresses her window to be ready for customers, puts up an elephant of gingerbread that tumbles down into ruin, upsets a tumbler of marbles, that roll everywhere except the place they started from. The sturdy fellow who makes the first purchase and gets it for nothing, eats the Jim Crow and

comes back for a camel, and still holds on to his penny, to see whether that cannot be had as cheap as the other, is perfect. This store, and the Pincheon chickens, and old uncle Venner, are all full of the fine subtle humor at which you are ready to laugh and weep at the same moment. When a man went to Wollaston, the great chemist, and wanted to see the things by which he had wrought such marvelous results to chemistry, he was shown some watch-glasses, testing-papers, a balance, and a blow-pipe. It is the truth about HAWTHORNE, too. No man ever wrought out such great things, with such scanty materials, outside himself.

And now in these Note Books we have got the key to his secret. They are HAWTHORNE'S Hand-Book of genius. No such revelation has ever been made before, that I remember, of the hidden workings of this gift. How he came to be what he is, so far as he can tell, he tells us in these volumes. We watch his great conceptions here in their first germs; trace some of them through their gradual growth; see how many more never came into life, and what a

wealth of life, and thought, and observation altogether was hidden away in this sensitive, shrouded soul. Not long ago the papers told us how nearly somebody had made a diamond. It was a great success right up to the point where the diamond begins. HAWTHORNE carries us past that point, and shows us how the diamond is made, and then gives it into our hand. No student of the deeper workings of the human soul, and the way it takes to do great and wonderful things, can feel that he has completed his study, if he has not mastered HAWTHORNE'S Note Books. This is their great quality; but beside this they contain matters in plenty of a common every day interest. Quick glimpses of, and glances at, life crowd them thick. He opens doors a moment and lets you look into stores, and taverns, and houses, and watch the life there, then he shuts the doors again and the life no more seen, but what you do see is as if you were there yourself. HAWTHORNE'S eyes are yours, that much of the Note Book is as good as your own experience, and altogether they are among the best treasures, if not the very best given to the world this year.

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THE YANKEE.—Who has not heard of the Yankee? His name is scounded in all the world. But from whence came this strange character? He is a nondescript among the nations, and yet the reflex of them all. He is a translation from other nationalities; a resurrection from the ruins of the past.

When we talk of the wit of the Irish, we behold the Yankee his peer. The firmness of the Briton is more than equaled. The endurance of Norway, the integrity of Scotland, and the politeness of the Frenchman, are beautifully combined in his character. Thus he stands forth in the march of civilization as the eclectic man.

THE HILL OF SCIENCE is situated on the beautiful plane of civilization, and on its golden heights trees of knowledge are growing in the pure air of virtue, bearing the luxuriant fruit of human happiness. On its sacred summit stands the eternal city, with gates of pearl and walls of jasper. The inhabitants linger beside the life-river, whose crystal waters gleam in purest light, and flow from the fountains of unending joy. Immortality is the crown of its glory, and the Infinite holds over it the sceptre of love. Happy is he who is camping at its base, that he may ascend on the morrow and behold, from its lofty range, the summerland of eternal rest beyond.

## CONGRATULATORY.

LETTER FROM NATHAN SHEPPARD.

## FRIEND EDITORS:

You tell me of your WESTERN MONTHLY project, and ask me for an article. But I am so busy with my preparations for going back to Europe that I can furnish your first number with only the merest expression of commendation—which you may call, if you choose, a little article of faith.

I will gladly take my place in the outer circle of those who will stand around to welcome this organ of Western brain and culture, and join in the chorus of happy New-Years' greetings that shall celebrate its birth.

I concur in your idea of making the MONTHLY a Western magazine. For, while we of the great Valley may not claim the title of "the West," geographically speaking, seeing that the axis of the Republic passes through Kansas, our appropriation of the title cannot be disputed when we consider our achievements. We are "the West" of the past, and therefore of the future. We have secured the nine points of the law. Having endured the disadvantages, we are entitled to the glory of the designation. If we have borne it as a reproach during its blundering infancy, we shall not relinquish it now in the renown of its maturity. We are the historic West, bounded by the Lakes, the New York line, the Ohio river, and the Pacific ocean.

"The North" is a political phrase, "the Northwest" a technical one; "the West" is one that means a civilization and an empire, as do (or perhaps I should rather say did) that of "New England" and "the South"—to be, I hope, the gainer by the excellencies and the defects of both.

For this West you propose to speak; in its name you set up your banner; in the fields of its culture, white to the harvest, you will go forth with your monthly sickle. Surely that West, hitherto without such a spokesman, such a banner, or such a sickle, will listen with eagerness to your voice, rally with enthusiasm to your banner, and garner what you reap with grateful patriotism and patriotic pride.

Surely, the times are ripe for such an enterprise—surely, we should have to wait no longer on the intelligence of our people or the *esprit du corps* of our educated classes. Surely, we may hope that the culture of the West has become self-reliant, that the brain of the West has gristle enough in its legs to stand alone, and grit enough in its temperament to hold its own. If we have earned the title of "the Granary," let us strike for that of the brainery of the nation. What we have achieved in the marts of trade we can equal in the fields of learning. We can match everything we have done in commerce by what remains to be done in art, literature and science. It is high time we spurned this prevailing taunt of our attainments by disproving its plausibility. It is high time we silenced the skeptical by a practical illustration of our own faith. It is high time we had ceased to "live invertedly," and had put the "divine part" up, "the region of the beast below." It is high time we gave to the Lord, who is God of mind as well as matter, a share in that frantic homage we pour into the ear of the greenback calf.

But a truce to impatience. The West is the last thing of Saxon origin in the world to be got on by the goad of impa-

tience or the spur of spleen. We have had to, and we will have to, bear with her a little in her folly, and carefully nourish every disposition she may show for better things. And there are signs of promise which we look upon with delight.

One of them was the first meeting of the Western Social Science Association in Chicago last autumn. Its sessions were a series of surprises of the most exhilarating description. For, we take it, that while the whole affair startled the skeptical into vigorous faith, it greatly added to the faith of those few brave souls who came to the convention without misgivings. In truth it was all far greater than the greatest expectations. We would not be ashamed to hear the most of the essays that were read upon that occasion in Music Hall, read on any occasion in any presence in any part of the world. To those essays we point with exultation as the fruit of Western thought, Western endeavor and Western enterprise. They were an overwhelming refutation of the aforesaid taunt, and a conclusive confirmation of the claim that we have thoughtful men as well as tradesmen in the West, and that the former as well as the latter are in earnest and at work.

For my part I will not let a cent's worth of my stock in the West go at a discount. I believe in her with an enormous faith. I would as soon expect to see all her vast expanse of prairie shrivel up into a town lot, as to see her mighty breadth of heart and stupendous wealth of intellectual life attempt to subsist upon the pickings and stealings of the traffic in corn.

I give you a hand then, and (if you care for it) a pen as you launch your enterprise. I will believe in its success and count much on the service it will render to the cause of public enlightenment.

You will not go far perhaps, however,

without encountering a Nor'-wester of unmanly depreciation, and an Eastern gale of patronizing criticism. Nor will it be long before you witness with the "naked eye" the wrecks of kindred undertakings, the sight of which can only confirm you in what you already know that you are to sail the treacherous and tantalizing sea of public caprice. Popularity is as much an "accident" with public journals as with public men, for both have to play the role of insurance agent to "that capricious charlatan, the momentary public," whose whims are as variable and inexplicable as that period of nondescript climate called the season of Spring in Chicago. In this country the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but race and battle and all are to the—advertiser! The secret of success is persistency in advertising, the touchstone of merit is the capacity for publicity.

But here comes in my article of faith. Advertising dispenses the meritorious as well as the meretricious ware. And so I must believe that when the West is really convinced that you have "come to stay," she will be willing that you shall, and like everybody else, she will lend you a hand as soon as you demonstrate that you can get along without it. And so I am sure if you have your columns led by brains rather than reputation, and if you are possessed with the irrepressible genius of universal advertising, you may bear with eastern snobbery in the West and western phobia in the East, and look with gratitude even upon your stranded kindred seeing that they are but admonitory of what will befall you unless you take warning from their deficiency in wind.

But I must leave your craft if I am to reach mine, so wishing you as good a voyage as I would ask for myself I will subscribe myself,

Frankly yours,

NATHAN SHEPPARD.

From Lippincott for December.

## ENGLAND AND NAPOLEON III.

BY LOUIS BLANC.

ENGLAND is being kept in a painful state of suspense; confidence is dead; business is dull; speculation is disheartened; industry is paralyzed; a dark cloud seems to hang over men's minds, and general expectation is strained toward the unknown.

Are the causes of this situation merely economical? Has money become timorous to excess in consequence of the many failures which have of late dismayed and scandalized the commercial world? Is the depression of trade to be ascribed to the working of some new system acted upon in a mischievous way, such as the Limited Liability principle, for example?

There is no denying that, for the situation above sketched, both want of honesty and want of prudence are partly responsible. The passing of the Limited Liability act in 1855 was certainly not unattended with harmful consequences. On one hand, men of capital were no longer deterred from assisting men of industry by the fear of being liable to their last shilling for the debts of the concern; thousands were enabled to set up in trade whose honesty and ability would have been otherwise of no avail, from mere lack of money; useful inventions were promoted, which, under the old restrictions, would have remained valueless; a much greater amount of capital was employed in the production of wealth; enterprising workmen were supplied with fresh means of improving their condition; in short, the formation of joint-stock companies, free from the fetters of unlimited responsibility, produced in England many of the beneficial results which that system had formerly brought forth in the trading republics of Genoa and Venice, and subsequently in

France, Holland, Germany and Russia. But, on the other hand, the hope of gaining much, combined with the advantage of risking little, fostered a wild spirit of gambling; people turned from the pursuits of a safe, steady, fruitful industry, to embark in profitless adventures; the facility afforded by the Limited Liability principle for successfully appealing to the lust of lucre, encouraged the establishment of companies on fraudulent promises, brought into fashion the process of announcing fictitious dividends, as a means to decoy shareholders and to deceive creditors; in fact, gave rise to many a scheme both dishonorable and ruinous.

All this has, no doubt, done much toward shaking public confidence. Still, not so much, in my opinion, as the rumors spread everywhere of impending conflict.

And how is it that peace cannot be considered secure? The explanation is obvious: Does not the maintenance of peace entirely depend upon the uncontrolled will of one who, while interested in letting loose the dogs of war, can set in motion, by a nod or a frown, an army of twelve hundred thousand men?

Every one knows that to England the victory of Sadowa was a matter of almost boundless exultation. She rejoiced at the idea that Germany being fully equal, when united, to the task of checking the ambition of France, Napoleon would be effectually kept at bay, would no longer have it in his power to set Europe on fire. It was a mistake. The English overlook the fact that the resources of France, for military purposes, are nearly inexhaustible; they forget that during her great revolution, and afterward, under Napoleon I., France, single-handed,

had been more than a match for the coalition of all the States of the continent. Moreover, they did not take sufficiently into account the necessity under which Napoleon might be to go to war at any risk, in order to retrieve his prestige, to give vent to the restless genius of enslaved France, to dazzle her into accepting a new lease of false grandeur as a compensation for the loss of the only true one, and to keep her, if possible, kneeling down to him, by making the world kneel down to her.

How ungrounded was the rapturous delight with which the news was welcomed here in London that the Austrians had been routed, and that the aggregation of all Germany would no longer be deferred, peace-loving England begins now to perceive. The Army bill has borne its fruits. France, whom Chateaubriand loved to call a nursery of warriors, is armed to the teeth. What was a prediction when I wrote you last is, at present, a reality: Napoleon III. has at his command a more formidable army than that which, under his uncle, invaded Russia. According to the testimony of English observers, so handy, so murderous, so overwhelming a weapon was never made use of, in the satanic work of mowing down whole ranks of human beings, as the Chassepot, which is deadly at twelve hundred yards, and the efficiency of which an English correspondent describes as follows: "An advance of any cavalry in the world against a regiment of chasseurs armed with this weapon, would be as chaff against the wind. Even poor Nolan would have renounced his faith, and, leaving his beloved charger, have fought as a 'mud-crusher,' from sheer despair."

Nor does France lack the sinews of war. The loan of £18,000,000 issued by the Minister of Finance, M. Magne, was so eagerly taken up that the subscription reached thirty times the amount required. It is true, the figures paraded by M. Magne must not be taken liter-

ally; and it would be wrong to infer from their importance that the nation and the government go hand in hand. The fact is, that the investment was advantageous, and was generally considered safe, as no one need be afraid of bankruptcy in a country where the bulk of the nation happens to consist of small *rentiers*. But, whatever construction may be put on the success of the last loan, this much, at all events, is sure, that there is in France a great abundance of unemployed money—a circumstance but too well calculated to act as an incentive to the passions of a warlike government.

Now, the facts are not wanting which seem of a nature vividly to impress upon Napoleon's mind the necessity of looking for that kind of strength which a despot always derives from military enthusiasm and over-excited national pride. Is not France awaking from her protracted lethargy? Are not Republicans, Legitimists and Orleanists putting aside their dissensions the better to strike at the Empire? Did not, the other day, the school-fellows of General Cavaignac's son frantically applaud him for refusing, at a public *seance* of his school, to receive a prize from the hand of the Prince Imperial, thereby showing how little the dynasty had to rely on the sympathies of the French youth? Have not the mountain farmers of the Jura elected as their representative in the Corps Legislatif, M. Grevy, a thorough-going Republican, a well-known foe of the dynasty, the very man who, in the National Assembly of 1848, stood up for a Republic without even a President? Is there nothing significant in the unparalleled and unprecedented success of M. Henri Rochefort's *Lanterne*, a little paper most relished on account of the author's wit, more so on account of his daring, of the vehemence of his invectives, of the sharpness of his sarcasms? Just fancy what a change that country must have undergone in which, after sixteen



years of undisputed and unlimited sway, a monarch at the head of half a million soldiers finds himself suddenly affronted, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of numberless citizens, by a young journalist wielding no other weapon than a pen! Well may Napoleon III. try to turn off the course of a current which is too rapidly swelling not to be soon very hard to stem. His frequent visits to the camp of Chalons, his readiness to muster his troops ever and anon, his anxiety to have his son saluted Caesar by the legions, clearly show that the day is fast approaching when he will be compelled to lay all at stake, and that he may at any moment be tempted to divert the coming storm at home by playing the conqueror abroad—a temptation not the less pressing from the fact that the soldiers set decidedly about shouting, “To the Rhine!”

Hence the uneasiness now prevalent in England as to the external relations of the Empire. Every one here takes for granted that France at large is peacefully inclined; but what of that? France and the Empire are two very different things; and France, whose blood and treasure would be freely lavished should war be resolved upon, has no voice in the matter.

How could, then, any pacific dispositions evinced by the French people reassure England? The *Spectator* writes: “The Emperor in Paris cannot breathe without some faint film appearing on mirrors in Auxerre and Marseilles.” Just so; but the *Spectator* might have added: “Also in London, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Bradford, Liverpool and Glasgow.” Will it be contended that Napoleon speaks peace whenever the opportunity offers? True. Unhappily, the more he does the less people believe him. About a month ago, in answer to an address from the mayor of Troyes, he said: “Nothing to-day menaces the peace of Europe? And what was the effect of this soothing

declaration? Why, the Bourse fell for three days in succession.

That England should bitterly lament the duration of such a state of ruinous uncertainty is natural enough. But is she not in great measure responsible for the evils it entails upon France, upon Europe and upon herself? I do not hesitate to affirm that she is, as Napoleon owes to a certain extent the power which enables him to shake at will all the money-markets of Europe, to the moral support his despotism has, strange to say, received from constitutional England. The fact conveys a solemn lesson, and for this reason deserves to be historically and peremptorily stated.

Let us go back to the establishment of the Empire. Lord Palmerston was then the English Minister of Foreign Affairs, and no man ever represented so thoroughly as he did the tendencies, sentiments and national prejudices of the English. Well, on the morrow of the *coup d'état*, only one among the European statesmen approved of it, and that was Lord Palmerston. Again, only one among the great European powers hastened to enter into a close alliance with the hero of a second Brumaire, and that was England.

To form an idea of the strength the Crimean war imparted to that new *regime*—which Lord Palmerston was not ashamed to define in the following terms: “The age of Augustus is now beginning anew in Paris”—it is sufficient to remember in what light the *coup d'état* of December was viewed in Europe immediately after its perpetration. No despotic king *then* would have as much as dreamt of holding out the hand of friendship to the upstart whom the violation of his oath, the purchase of the soldiery, a nightly ambush, the violent overthrow of the National Assembly and the butchery of thousands had just raised to power. But what no despotic king would then have done, the constitutional queen of England was induced



to do. Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, who professed to be the continuator of the policy of Napoleon I., found at once the lever he needed in the very country which his uncle had striven to crush and by which he had been crushed.

What sort of man Napoleon I. had been, England knew well: she knew that he had much in him of the marrow of tyrants; that he, too, had had a Rubicon to cross and had crossed it; that the meanness of his soul, which was on a par with the greatness of his genius, had made it impossible for him to enjoy life in any other way than by oppressing his fellow-creatures as a despot or slaughtering them as a conqueror; that he of all the famous foes of the human understanding, had been the most implacable; that he had dreaded thought to the extent of running all the lengths of persecution in order to silence a woman; that he had exhibited his regard for national rights and national independence by trampling upon Italy, stealing Spain, forsaking Poland, endeavoring to blend at any cost the German with the Latin race, and giving nations to his brothers as I might have given droves of sheep; that the following was the summing up of his philanthropic views: "In a battle, minutes are everything, men are nothing;" that the upshot of his reforms and of his victories had been to crush under the weight of an iron discipline all spontaneous inspiration, to stifle all manly feeling, to stupefy mankind; and that, whilst riding France and spurring her on through dust and gore till she fell under him exhausted, out of breath and half dead, he had made it unavoidable for England to add to the burden of her national debt £800,000,000. Yes, this England knew; and, knowing this, she consented to act in concert with a man whose intention, loudly proclaimed, was to ape Napoleon I., to avenge his defeat and to complete his work.

Although I hold that no respect what-

ever is due to a government set up by fuddled soldiers, and afterwards spuri-ously elected by a nation crouching beneath the sabre, I am prepared to own that England was not bound to run the risk of a war by refusing to recognize the Empire. But it is one thing to recognize a government *de facto*, and another to contract with it a close and separate alliance. When Napoleon Louis Bonaparte was straining every nerve to squeeze out of the Eastern question the pretext of a conflict, England could not fail to see that he had nothing but his own personal interest in view, and that his object in courting her alliance against the Czar was to get "something like station in Europe," and to coax the queen of England into giving seemingly, as Mr. Kinglake puts it, "the sanction of her pure name to the acts of the December night, and the Thursday, the day of blood." Of what consequence was it to the French people that a few Latin monks should have the key of the chief door of the church of Bethlehem—should be allowed to place in the sanctuary of the Nativity a silver star adorned with the arms of France? What business had the French people to take part in the quarrel of the Latin and the Greek priests as to their respective shares of the money levied on such travelers as came to kneel in Palestine? Surely never did a more futile cause lead to a more sanguinary war. But it was the game of Napoleon Louis Bonaparte to bring it on. There lies the secret of the urgent instructions he sent to M. de Lavalette immediately after the *coup d'état*. What followed is but too well known. The Porte was coerced into admitting the claim of the Latin Church. The Greek Church applied to the emperor of Russia for protection. Nicholas frowned upon the Turks: England lost no time in stepping forward to their assistance. The situation was envenomed by a fierce diplomatic struggle between Prince Mentschikoff and Lord Stratford

around the "sick man." The question of the protectorate of the Greek Church, imperiously claimed by the former, and, owing to the suggestions of the latter, flatly refused by the Sultan, precipitated the crisis. War was declared, and the *coup d'état* was, in the eyes of Europe, "sanctioned" by the alliance in which England had suffered herself to be entangled. A more signal service could not have been rendered to Napoleonic despotism—a more fatal blow could not have been struck at French liberty.

I was in London when, in April, 1855, Napoleon III. came over to England, and I shall never forget how deeply humiliated I felt at the sight of the extraordinary ovation it fell to his lot to enjoy in the capital of that free country. Thundering huzzas greeted his arrival; he was almost carried in triumph; the newspapers vied with each other in trumpeting his praises; the governing classes actually hosannahed him; he wished to kiss the queen, and was welcome to it. How could any one imagine that an ally of England had been, for a moment, among the wrong-doers? Farewell to the cause of justice!

Nor have, ever since, the loudly-expressed sympathies of an influential portion of English society ceased to prop the fabric of the second of December. Lord Palmerston was the mouth-piece of the patrician flunkeyism of his class when, *apropos* of certain furious attacks leveled at Mazzini in the House of Commons, he most emphatically declared that the interest of Europe was indissolubly connected, not only with the strengthening of Napoleon's personal power, but also with the consolidation of his dynasty. With no less alacrity have all the leaders of the Conservative party availed themselves of every opportunity to countenance the French ruler, insisting on his wisdom, doing homage to his firmness, pretending to be lost in admiration of his genius, rejoicing at his having so successfully muzzled the re-

volutionary spirit, and deeming it a wonderful piece of good luck both for Europe and France that a whole nation should have, as it were, disappeared to make room for one man!

Equally fulsome and thoughtless has been the system of adulation adopted in reference to Napoleon III. by some of the leading organs of public opinion, and more especially the *Times*. Even the *Daily Telegraph*, a newspaper supposed to have been started with a view to advocate the popular cause, did not object to be enrolled for service in the Bonapartist press, and its way of sounding the note of praise borders, sometimes, on the ludicrous.

Need I add that the English panegyrists of Napoleon III. make it a point to cry down France whenever they cry up the Empire? The process has, at any rate, the merit of being logical. Is it not worth noticing that in all the public festivals in Paris, the shout, "Vive l'Empereur!" is always sent forth by fashionable Englishmen, who would not for the life of them shout, "Vive la France!" This reminds me of the dinner which took place at the Elysee a few weeks after the *coup d'état*, and which was likened by a modern Junius to "the banquet of that Lydian king who flouted the prescience of the gods." English noblemen, English gentlemen, English ladies,—these were the guests of Napoleon Louis Bonaparte on the 26th of January, 1852, "the *pare* of the boulevards still stained with blood, and the best and noblest sons of France smitten in liberty and life."

In justice to the English nation, I must say that the above sorrowful remarks by no means apply either to the working-classes or to that considerable portion of the Liberal party which is represented in the House of Lords by such men as Lord Russell; in the House of Commons by such men as John Stuart Mill, Bright, Stansfeld, Forster, and Torrens; in the press, by such daily or

weekly newspapers as the *Daily News*, the *Morning Star*, the *Morning Advertiser* and the *Spectator*. The *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in spite of their fastidious appreciation of popular rights, must also be ranked among the journals unpolluted by Bonapartism.

However, the fact remains that England has given to the Empire an amount of moral support which, although conferred on it by no other but the aristocratic interest, has greatly contributed to its maintenance.

But there is a Nemesis for nations as well as for individuals. The English governing-classes must be aware by this time that they have been playing a losing game. Should they doubt it, let them examine what they have got by strengthening the power of the French emperor. In the Crimean war, England was thrown into the shade by France. The abrupt termination Napoleon gave to the war was obviously at variance with her interests and contrary to her wishes: still, she was tamed into compliance. The treaty of alliance signed on the 10th of April, 1854, led to the famous *Declaration* of the 3d of March, 1856, which entailed upon her the loss of her maritime supremacy, compelling her to surrender the right of search. So little was the influence of the Russians shaken in the East by the fall of Sebastopol that they have since entirely subdued Circassia, and laid, by the conquest of the Caucasus, the foundation of their sway over Persia, thus bringing nearer the day on which they will dispute the possession of India with the English. So little was the influence of England in Europe increased by her share in the victories of the Alma and Inkermann that when she saw fit to raise her voice in favor of Poland, Prince Gortschakoff shook at her the finger of scorn, and when

she presumed to deprecate the invasion of Schleswig-Holstein, her indignant protests were scouted by Von Bismarck.

As for the way in which her services were requited by her faithful ally, it is enough to say that he refused to join her in the Danish question; that he planned and effected the annexation of Nice and Savoy without caring a pin whether she liked it or not; that, having commenced the Mexican expedition with her, he altered its character, regardless of her remonstrances, and marched his army to Mexico without her; in fine, that he managed to give to France the spectacle of a queen of England going down upon her knees at Paris before the tomb of the captive of St. Helena.

One word more. If the English government, after the establishment of the Empire, has been under the necessity of fortifying the coasts, renewing the army, manufacturing cannon, making trial of new engines of destruction; if an enormous sum of money, never dreamt of before, has had to be expended upon the army, the navy and the fortifications; if the policy of warlike preparations has had to be backed by the volunteer movement, exhibiting a nation of traders and workers smitten with what Cobden used to style "the rifle fever;" if England is so painfully, so permanently alive to the danger of a general conflagration which might extend to her, and would, in any case, be most hurtful both to her political power and to her commercial prosperity,—is it not because there is in France an army of six hundred thousand men ready to take the field at a sign from one man, at a glance from his eye, at the first contraction of his brows? And if England may without injustice be accused of having morally contributed to uphold that monstrous power, what right has she to complain of the consequences? *Patere legem quam ipse fecisti.*

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

[GATHERED FOR THE WESTERN MONTHLY.]

*I have only culled a bouquet of other men's flowers, and nothing is my own but the string that ties them.*—MONTAIGNE.

## THE WORLD.—

This world is the nurse of all we know,  
This world is the mother of all we feel,  
And the coming of death is a fearful  
blast  
To a brain uncompassed with nerves  
of steel,  
When all that we know, or feel, or see,  
Shall pass like an unusual mystery.  
—Shelley.

## PROVIDENCE.—

God's ways seem dark, but soon or late  
They touch the shining walls of day.  
The evil cannot brook delay,  
The good can well afford to wait.  
Give criminal knaves their hour of crime;  
Ye have the future grand and great,  
The safe appeal of truth to time.  
—Longfellow.

## HOME.—

There are two heavens, sweet,  
Both made of love—one inconceivable  
Even by the other, so divine it is;  
The other, far on this side of the stars,  
By men called home, where some blest  
pair have met.  
—Leigh Hunt.

## RESIGNATION.—

Let what is broken so remain.  
The gods are hard to reconcile.  
'Tis hard to settle order once again;  
There is confusion worse than death,  
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,  
Long labor unto aged breath,  
Sore task to hearts worn out with many  
a war,  
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the  
pilot star.  
—Tennyson.

## GREATNESS AND FRIENDS.—

Greatness and goodness are not means,  
but ends;  
Hath he not always treasures, always  
friends,  
The great, good man? Three treasures,  
love and light  
And calm thoughts, regular as infants'  
breath;  
And three firm friends, more sure than  
day and night—  
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.  
—Coleridge.

## MAN.—

We are as clouds that veil the midnight  
moon.  
How restlessly they speed, and gleam,  
and quiver,  
Streaking the darkness radiantly! yet  
soon  
Night closes round, and they are lost  
forever.  
—Shelley.

## LIGHT AND DARKNESS.—

He that has light within his own clear  
breast,  
May sit in the center and enjoy bright  
day;  
But he that hides a dark soul and foul  
tho'ts,  
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun.  
—Milton.

## PITY.—

And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every failing but their own;  
And every woe a tear can claim,  
Except an erring sister's shame.  
—Byron.

## DEATH.—

There is a reaper whose name is Death,  
And with his sickle keen  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.  
—Longfellow.

## SORROW.—

Comfort! comfort scorned of devils; this  
is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is re-  
membering happier things.  
—Tennyson.

## GRATITUDE. \*

He that hath nature in him must be  
grateful.  
'Tis the Creator's primary great law  
That links beings to each other.  
—Madden.

## JESTS.—

Of all the griefs that harrass the dis-  
tressed,  
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.  
—Samuel Johnson.

## ENVY.—

Base envy writhes at another's joy,  
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.  
—Thomson.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

From Hardwicke's Science-Gossip.

## PHENOMENA OF EARTHQUAKES.

BY BARON VON HUMBOLDT.

IF it be the duty of men of science who visit the Alps of Switzerland, or the coasts of Lapland, to extend our knowledge respecting the glaciers and the aurora borealis, it may be expected that a traveler who has journeyed through Spanish America should have chiefly fixed his attention on volcanoes and earthquakes. Each part of the globe is an object of particular study; and when we cannot hope to penetrate the causes of natural phenomena, we ought at least to endeavor to discover their laws, and distinguish, by the comparison of numerous facts, that which is permanent and uniform from that which is variable and accidental.

The great earthquakes, which interrupt the long series of slight shocks, appear to have no regular periods at Cumana. They have taken place at intervals of eighty, a hundred, and sometimes less than thirty years; while on the coast of Peru, for instance at Lima, a certain regularity has marked the periods of the total destruction of the city. The belief of the inhabitants in the existence of this uniformity has a happy influence on public tranquility, and the encouragement of industry. It is generally admitted that it requires a sufficiently long space of time for the same causes to act with the same energy; but this reasoning is just only inasmuch as the shocks are considered as a local phenomenon, and a particular focus, under each point of the globe exposed to those great catastrophes, is admitted. Whenever new edifices are raised on the ruins of the old, we hear from those who refused to build that the destruction of Lisbon on the first day of November, 1755, was soon followed by a second, and not less fatal convulsion, on the 31st of March, 1761.

It is a very ancient opinion, and one that is commonly received at Cumana, Acapulco, and Lima, that a perceptible

connection exists between earthquakes and the state of the atmosphere that precedes those phenomena. But from the great number of earthquakes which I have witnessed to the north and south of the equator, on the continent and on the seas, on the coasts and at 2,500 toises height, it appears to me that the oscillations are generally very independent of the previous state of the atmosphere. This opinion is entertained by a number of intelligent residents of the Spanish colonies, whose experience extends, if not over a greater space of the globe, at least over a greater number of years than mine. On the contrary, in parts of Europe where earthquakes are rare compared to America, scientific observers are inclined to admit an intimate connection between the undulations of the ground and certain meteors, which appear simultaneously with them. In Italy, for instance, the *sirocco* and earthquakes are suspected to have some connection, and in London, the frequency of falling stars, and those southern lights which have since been often observed by Mr. Dalton, were considered as the forerunners of those shocks which were felt from 1748 to 1756.

On days when the earth is shaken by violent shocks, the regularity of the horary variations of the barometer is not disturbed within the tropics. I had opportunities of verifying this observation at Cumana, at Lima, and Riobamba; and it is the more worthy of attention, as at St. Domingo (in the town of Cape Francois) it is asserted that a water-barometer sank two inches and a half immediately before the earthquake of 1770. It is also related that, at the time of the destruction of Oran, a druggist fled with his family, because, observing accidentally, a few minutes before the earthquake, the height of the mercury in his barometer, he perceived that the column sank in an extraordinary manner.

I know not whether we can give credit to this story; but, as it is nearly impossible to examine the variations of the weight of the atmosphere during the shocks, we must be satisfied with observing the barometer before or after these phenomena have taken place.

We can scarcely doubt that the earth, when opened and agitated by shocks, spreads occasionally gaseous emanations through the atmosphere, in places remote from the mouths of volcanoes not extinct. At Cumana it has already been observed that flames and vapors mixed with sulphurous acid spring up from the most arid soil. In other parts of the same province the earth ejects water and petroleum. At Riobamba a muddy and inflammable mass, called *moya*, issues from crevices that close again, and accumulates into elevated hills. At about seven leagues from Lisbon, near Colares, during the terrible earthquake of the 1st of November, 1755, flames and a column of thick smoke were seen to issue from the flanks of the rocks of Alvidras, and, according to some witnesses, from the bosom of the sea.

Elastic fluids thrown into the atmosphere may act locally on the barometer, not by their mass, which is very small, compared to the mass of the atmosphere, but because, at the moment of great explosions, an ascending current is probably formed, which diminishes the pressure of the air. I am inclined to think that in the majority of earthquakes nothing escapes from the agitated earth, and that when gaseous emanations and vapors are observed they oftener accompany or follow than precede the shocks. This circumstance would seem to explain the mysterious influence of earthquakes in equinoctial America on the climate, and on the order of the dry and rainy seasons. If the earth generally act on the air only at the moment of the shocks, we can conceive why a sensible meteorological change so rarely precedes those great revolutions of nature.

The hypothesis according to which, in the earthquakes of Camana, elastic fluids tend to escape from the surface of the soil, seems confirmed by the great noise which is heard during the shocks at the borders of the wells in the plain of Charas. Water and sand are sometimes thrown out twenty feet high. Similar phenomena were observed in ancient times by the inhabitants of those

parts of Greece and Asia Minor abounding with caverns, crevices, and subterranean rivers. Nature, in her uniform progress, everywhere suggests the same ideas of the causes of earthquakes, and the means by which man, forgetting the measure of his strength, pretends to diminish the effect of the subterranean explosion. What a great Roman naturalist has said of the utility of wells and caverns is repeated in the New World by the most ignorant Indians of Quito, when they show travelers the guaicos, or crevices of Pichincha.

The subterranean noise, so frequent during earthquakes, is generally not in the ratio of the force of the shocks. At Cumana it constantly precedes them, while at Quito, and recently at Caracas, and in the West India Islands, a noise like the discharge of a battery was heard a long time after the shocks had ceased. A third kind of phenomenon, the most remarkable of the whole, is the rolling of those subterranean thunders, which last several months, without being accompanied by the least oscillatory motion of the ground.

In every country subject to earthquakes, the point at which, probably owing to a particular disposition of the stony strata, the effects are most sensibly felt, is considered as the cause and the focus of the shocks. Thus, at Cumana, the hill of the castle of San Antonio, and particularly the eminence on which stands the convent of St. Francis, are believed to contain an enormous quantity of sulphur and other inflammable matter. We forget that the rapidity with which the undulations are propagated to great distances, even across the basin of the ocean, proves that the center of action is very remote from the surface of the globe. From this same cause no doubt earthquakes are not confined to certain species of rocks, as some naturalists suppose, but all are fitted to propagate the movement. Keeping within the limits of my experience, I may here cite the granites of Lima and Acapulco; the gneiss of Caracas; the mica-slate of the peninsula of Araya; the primitive thon-schiefer of Tepecuacuilco, in Mexico; the secondary limestones of the Apennines, Spain, and New Andalusia; and, finally, the trappean porphyries of the provinces of Quito and Popayan. In these different places the ground is frequently agitated by the most violent shocks; but sometimes, in the same rock, the



superior strata form invincible obstacles to the propagation of the motion. Thus, in the mines of Saxony, we have seen workmen hasten up alarmed by oscillations which were not felt at the surface of the ground.

If, in regions the most remote from each other, primitive, secondary and volcanic rocks share equally in the convulsive movements of the globe, we cannot but admit also that within a space of little extent certain classes of rocks oppose themselves to the propagation of the shocks. At Cumana, for instance, before the great catastrophe of 1797, the earthquakes were felt only along the southern and calcareous coast of the Gulf of Cariaco, as far as the town of that name; while in the peninsula of Araya and at the village of Maniquarez the ground did not share the same agitation. But since December, 1797, new communications appear to have been opened in the interior of the globe. The peninsula of Araya is now not merely subject to the same agitations as the soil of Cumana, but the promontory of mica-slate, previously free from earthquakes, has become, in its turn, a central point of commotion. The earth is sometimes strongly shaken at the village of Maniquarez, when on the coast of Cumana the inhabitants enjoy the most perfect tranquility. The Gulf of Cariaco, nevertheless, is only sixty or eighty fathoms deep.

It has been thought, from observations made both on the continent and in the islands, that the western and southern coasts are most exposed to shocks. This observation is connected with opinions which geologists have long formed respecting the position of the high chains of mountains and the direction of their steepest declivities; but the existence of the Cordillera of Caracas and the frequency of the oscillations on the eastern and northern coast of Terra Firma, in the Gulf of Paria, at Carupano, at Cariaco, and at Cumana, renders the accuracy of that opinion doubtful.

In New Andalusia, as well as in Chili and Peru, the shocks follow the course of the shore and extend but little inland. This circumstance, as we shall soon find, indicates an intimate connection between the causes which produce earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. If the earth was most agitated on the coasts, because they are the lowest part of the land, why should not the oscilla-

tions be equally strong and frequent on those vast savannahs or prairies, which are scarcely eight or ten toises above the level of the ocean?

The earthquakes of Cumana are connected with those of the West India Islands; and it has even been suspected that they have some connection with the volcanic phenomena of the Cordilleras of the Andes. On the 4th of February, 1797, the soil of the province of Quito suffered such a destructive commotion that near 40,000 natives perished. At the same period the inhabitants of the eastern Antilles were alarmed by shocks, which continued during eight months, when the volcano of Guadaloupe threw out pumice-stones, ashes and gusts of sulphurous vapors. The eruption of the 27th of September, during which very long continued subterranean noises were heard, was followed on the 14th of December by the great earthquake of Cumana. Another volcano of the West India Islands, that of St. Vincent, affords an example of these extraordinary connections. This volcano had not emitted flames since 1718, when they burst forth anew in 1812. The total ruin of the city of Caracas preceded this explosion thirty-five days, and violent oscillations of the ground were felt both in the islands and on the coasts of Terra Firma.

It has long been remarked that the effects of great earthquakes extend much farther than the phenomena arising from burning volcanoes. In studying the physical revolutions of Italy, in carefully examining the series of the eruptions of Vesuvius and *Ætna*, we can scarcely recognize, notwithstanding the proximity of these mountains, any traces of a simultaneous action. It is, on the contrary, beyond a doubt that at the period of the last and preceding destruction of Lisbon the sea was violently agitated, even as far as the New World, for instance, at the island of Barbadoes, more than twelve hundred leagues distant from the coast of Portugal.

Several facts tend to prove that the causes which produce earthquakes have a near connection with those which act in volcanic eruptions. The connection of these causes was known to the ancients, and it excited fresh attention at the period of the discovery of America. The discovery of the New World not only offered new productions to the curiosity of man; it also extended the then



existing stock of knowledge respecting physical geography, the varieties of the human species, and the migrations of nations. It is impossible to read the narratives of early Spanish travelers, especially that of the Jesuit Acosta, without perceiving the influence which the aspect of a great continent, the study of extraordinary appearances of nature, and intercourse with men of different races must have exercised on the progress of knowledge in Europe. The germ of a great number of physical truths is found in the works of the sixteenth century, and that germ would have fructified, had it not been crushed by fanaticism and superstition. We learned at Pasto that the column of black and thick smoke which, in 1797, issued for several months from the volcano near that shore disappeared at the very hour when, sixty leagues to the south, the towns of Riobamba, Hambato, and Tacunga were destroyed by an enormous shock. In the interior of a burning crater, near those hillocks formed by ejections of scorice and ashes, the motion of the ground is felt several seconds before each partial eruption takes place. We observed this phenomenon at Vesuvius in 1805, while the mountain threw out incandescent scorice; we were witnesses of it in 1802, on the brink of the immense crater of Pichincha, from which, nevertheless, at that time, clouds of sulphurous acid vapors only issued.

Everything in earthquakes seems to indicate the action of elastic fluids seeking an outlet to diffuse themselves in the atmosphere. Often, on the coasts of the Pacific, the action is almost instantaneously communicated from Chili to the Gulf of Guayaquil, a distance of six hundred leagues; and, what is very remarkable, the shocks appear to be the stronger in proportion as the country is

distant from burning volcanoes. The granitic mountains of Calabria, covered with very recent breccias, the calcareous chain of the Apennines, the country of Pignerol, the coasts of Portugal and Greece, those of Peru and Terra Firma, afford striking proofs of this fact. The globe, it may be said, is agitated with the greater force in proportion as the surface has a smaller number of funnels communicating with the caverns of the interior. At Naples and at Messina, at the foot of Cotopaxi and of Tunguragua, earthquakes are dreaded only when vapors and flames do not issue from the craters. In the kingdom of Quito, the great catastrophe of Riobamba led several well-informed persons to think that that country would be less frequently disturbed if the subterranean fire should break the porphyritic dome of Chimborazo, and if that colossal mountain should become a burning volcano. At all times analogous facts have led to the same hypothesis. The Greeks, who, like ourselves, attributed the oscillations of the ground to the tension of elastic fluids, cited in favor of their opinion the total cessation of the shocks at the island of Eubœa, by the opening of a crevice in the Levantine plain.

The phenomena of volcanoes, and those of earthquakes, have been considered of late as the effects of voltaic electricity, developed by a particular disposition of heterogeneous strata. It cannot be denied that often, when violent shocks succeed each other within the space of a few hours, the electricity of the air sensibly increases at the instant the ground is most agitated; but to explain this phenomenon it is unnecessary to recur to an hypothesis which is in direct contradiction to everything hitherto observed respecting the structure of our planet and the disposition of its strata.

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**CHINESE LIBRARY.**—There is now at St. Petersburg the richest Chinese library in the world. It consists of eleven thousand six hundred and seven volumes, one thousand one hundred and sixty-eight wood engravings, and two hundred and seventy-six manuscripts. The books are on all sorts of subjects, and among them there are several rare works, one or two of which are unique, there being no copies of them in even the

largest libraries in China. The library was collected by M. Skatchoff, now Consul-General in Pekin, during a residence of fifteen years in the Chinese Empire. Recently M. Skatchoff offered to sell it for 1,400*l.* to the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, and the Russian Academy of Sciences, but both institutions were compelled to decline the offer for want of funds.

From *Peoples' Magazine*.

## THE FATE OF LOUIS XVII. OF FRANCE.

**T**HERE is always a thick curtain of mystery hung round the death-beds of captive princes. The kings and queens of this world must be born and must die in public, or no one will believe that this "mortal coil" has been put on or put off satisfactorily. The crowned head lies uneasily and unsafely even in its grave; it is liable to be exhumed, literally or figuratively, whenever the world takes a fancy for such an ultra-post-mortem examination. Many a verbal battle has been fought over the bones of our own young Edward V. and his brother, the young prisoners of the Tower! But not half so many as over the fate of Louis XVII. of France.

For many years, the death of the little Bourbon king was regarded as a fact no less undoubted than it was deplorable; but recent investigations "compel us," as Sir L. Wraxall, in his "Unexplained Mysteries," says, "to acknowledge that it is not perfectly demonstrated that Louis XVII. actually did die in the place and at the time usually stated, namely, at Paris—in the prison called the Temple—on the 8th of June, 1795."

Now, the facts actually known are simply these. The body of a child, apparently about ten years of age, was examined by MM. Dumangin, Pelletan, Crannoy, and Lassus. This body, they were told by the Commissaries, was that of "Louis Capet."

Their deposition is that the child in question had scrofulous disease of long standing. There was a tumor on the right knee, containing matter such as is found in scrofulous swellings; and another on the left wrist of the same kind. No other swellings of the joints. The stomach, heart, lungs, and liver were all extensively diseased from long-continued acrofula. But the brain was perfectly healthy.

The body was immediately buried, in a coffin filled up with quicklime, within the burial-ground attached to the prison.

The testimony of four eminent surgeons is conclusive as to the cause of death; but, as none of them had ever seen the Dauphin alive, it is of no value as an identification of the body.

In order to put the reader in a position to form a judgment for himself on this point, it is necessary to go back to the date of the imprisonment of the royal family, and to describe minutely the place of their confinement.

On the 13th of August, 1792, the King Louis XVI. and his family were sent to the Temple. This prison, originally built by the Knights Templars, in A. D. 1200, consisted of a massive square tower, with a small circular one at each corner. The building was one hundred and fifty-six feet high; the walls nine feet thick. The internal arrangements were as follows:

There were four stories. A large central pillar passed up through the building, mounting as high as the floor of the fourth story. The space inclosed within the walls was thirty-six feet square. The ground floor and the apartments in three of the small circular towers or turrets were inhabited by the municipal officers in charge of the prisoners. The fourth round tower contained a spiral staircase, running from the bottom to the top of the building. The first story, of the same extent as the ground floor, contained the guard, who stacked their arms round the central column. The second story was divided into four rooms. In these were lodged the King, the Dauphin, and their attendants. There was a central stove, which warmed the four chambers. In the third story, which was similarly divided, resided the Queen and the other women. The fourth story, having no central pillar, formed a vast, open hall; and, with the gallery which opened from it, and ran round the top of the tower outside, was used for exercise.

It has been casually mentioned that the stairs leading from one floor of the prison to another were in one of the circular towers which were at the corners of the main building. Each story had a landing-place secured by two doors; one of oak, and one of iron. It was evidently easy for any one on the ground floor to communicate with the inhabitants of any one story without the knowledge of those living on any other.

At the time the imprisonment commenced, the child was in good health. The King's execution took place on the 21st of January, 1793. Soon after that time the Dauphin's health began to give way. He had fever-pain in the side and general debility, the not unnatural consequence of the change in his mode of life, and the distress and terror which even a child of his tender years could not fail to suffer in such disastrous circumstances.

Up to the 3d of June his mother continued to take charge of him. After that date they were separated; but she saw him occasionally, when he went to take exercise at the top of the tower.

There is no use in going over again the well-known and heart-rending account of the terrible sufferings—the mental and bodily degradation—which the unhappy Dauphin experienced at the hands of his cruel gaolers. Only one circumstance is it necessary to mention, as reference will afterwards be made to it. The poor child was wounded on the brow, in consequence of being struck on the face with a towel, to which a nail had accidentally been attached.

After the brutal Simon and his wife were removed from their charge, the poor child lived alone, in a small room formerly occupied by Clery, his father's valet. There was only one window, situated in a deep recess, the little light which could have entered being obscured by thick iron bars. In this miserable place—seeing no one kind face, never hearing a friendly voice, scantily clothed, badly fed, without air or exercise, almost without light—the helpless, hopeless little creature spent six months.

What has been truly termed the Reign of Terror came to an end at last. Public opinion, both in France and throughout Europe, was clamorous on the subject of the poor prisoner, whose only crime seemed to be that he was the son of a king. The door of his cell was opened, and a piteous sight presented itself. A child, reduced almost to a skeleton, covered with filth of every kind, breathing feebly, trembling occasionally, but making no voluntary movement. His widely-opened eyes were lustreless and almost colorless. His knees and elbows were covered with tumours.

They spoke to him, but he did not seem to hear. He was apparently an idiot. No time was lost in calling in medical aid. Desault, who had formerly attended the royal family, was sent for.

He did not, at first, despair of the case. He said that the prince had in him the germ of the disease which had carried off his elder brother, viz., scrofula, but that it had not decidedly set its seal on the constitution. The child was suffering from want of air, insufficient food, and general neglect. The swellings were not scrofulous. He expressed doubts as to the state of the mental faculties; but the bodily condition was far from hopeless. This opinion was pronounced on the 6th of May. Up to the 30th of the same month Desault visited the child frequently. On that day, for the first time, he expressed fears as to the result. Two days after, Desault himself died, and on the 8th of June a child, said to be the son of the late king, expired in the presence of two gaolers, named Lasne and Gonin.

Thus far we have actually ascertained facts before us. Now begin tradition and conjecture. It was whispered among the Royalist party that the real Dauphin had escaped from the Temple, and that the child whose body MM. Pelletan and Dumangin opened after death, and whom they had visited for a couple of days previous to his decease, was one brought from the Hotel Dieu, and substituted for the little prince. There was also a rumor that, on the occasion of Desault's last visit, he had expressed to his friend, the apothecary Choppard, a doubt whether the child he now saw was the same as the one he had been called in to see.

Desault, as has been mentioned, died on the first of June, and Choppard on the 9th of same month—the one seven days before, and the other the day after the decease of the child in the Temple; and suspicions were rife that means had been taken to remove the only persons whose testimony could have settled the question of identity.

Amidst all this maze of uncertainty there stand out two remarkable facts:

1. The child in the Temple died, as has been already mentioned, on June 8, 1795. On that very night an order was given to the police of Paris to arrest any travelers bearing with them a boy of nine years old or thereabouts, as there had been an escape of Royalists from the Temple. This order still exists in the archives of the police.

2. There is extant a proclamation of Charrette, the general of the army in La Vendee, bearing date some time towards the close of the year 1795, in

which he speaks of the young King Louis the XVII. as being then in his camp.

"Will you," says he, "abandon to the caprice of fortune the royal orphan whom you swore to defend? Will you conduct him to the assassins of his father, and cast at their feet the head of your innocent king?"

That there was in the Vendean camp a child who was shown to the army as being the son of Louis XVI. is certain, but what became of him is a mystery. Some suppose that, either from his pretensions becoming doubtful, or from his turning out a hopeless idiot, (which, if he really were the little prisoner of the Temple, he was likely enough to be,) his presence became embarrassing, and he was quietly sent away out of the country. There was a report that he had gone to America. The memoirs of the Duchesse d'Angouleme show that she was aware of this latter rumor. It is even asserted that she believed her brother to be in that country; but his imbecility rendering him incapable of reigning, she steadily discouraged all attempts to bring forward one whose presence in France would disturb the public mind, without any possible good result. It is also stated that Louis XVIII. procured a certificate of the death of his unfortunate nephew in a foreign land. One thing is very certain: from time to time youths were brought forward, severally claiming to be the son of Louis, King of France, and Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria. As early as the year 1798, as late as within the last ten years, it has been asserted and re-asserted that the rightful heir of the Bourbons was yet alive. These pretenders were five in number—Hervagault, Bruneau, Naundorff, Hebert, and Williams. A very brief notice of the first four will suffice.

\*1. **JEAN-MARIE HERVAGULT.**—His claim was put forward in 1798. He was the son (real or adopted) of a tailor in the village of Basse-Los. He had much of the Bourbon countenance, and his story at first was believed by the gentry of his native province. He was convicted of swindling, at Rheims, in

\*It was the partisans of Hervagault who first called attention to the fact, that the surgeons who opened the body acknowledged their inability to certify that it was that of the Dauphin, and to the extraordinary discrepancy between the statement of Desault and the condition of the dead child: Desault declaring that the Dauphin was not scrofulous; the post-mortem examination testifying to scrofula of many years' standing.

1802, and was imprisoned for four years. After that time, having shown symptoms of insanity, he was by order of Napoleon, shut up in the Bicetre, where he died in 1812.

2. **MATHURIN BRUNEAU.**—Son (real or adopted) of a wooden-clog maker, born in 1784. Gave himself out as the Dauphin in 1815. Two years after was imprisoned as a rogue and vagabond. He was confined in Mont St. Michel for seven years. On his release, he resumed his original trade. The date of his death is uncertain. The only remarkable feature of his case was that he certainly had passed some of his early years in America, where it had been at one time generally believed that the prince, if alive, was concealed.

3. **NAUNDORFF.**—Watchmaker. Claim first brought forward in 1812. His story was very circumstantial, but rather involved. His escape, it was said, was contrived by the Empress Josephine, and, whereas in all the other cases there was said to have been one boy substituted for the young prince, Naundorff's partisans assert that there were two—first, a dumb boy of scrofulous constitution, who was supposed to be in a dying state, but whom the good food and gentle treatment ordered by the physician, Desault, restored to a very inconvenient degree of health. (It will be remembered by those who have read the usual account of the Dauphin's imprisonment, that he rallied for a time as far as bodily strength was concerned, but continued obstinately silent.)

The dumb boy not dying, as he was expected and wished to do, he was smuggled out of the prison by the convenient tower-stair, and another child brought in from the Hotel Dieu. This boy was so obliging as to do what was required, and it was he for whom Pelletan and Dumangin prescribed, and whose body they opened after his death. Naundorff, if he was not what he pretended to be, had got up his case well. His so-called recollections of his early days were precisely what would have been natural under the circumstances. His knowledge of the localities of the prison was minute. His resemblance to Louis XVI. was stronger than that of any other pretender except Eleazar Williams. Naundorff had numerous partisans both in and out of France, and many persons believe in him to this day. He had the hardihood to request an interview with the Duchesse d'An-

gouleme, which she refused to grant. This was in 1834. He then came to London, where he remained some time. Finally he settled at Delft in Holland, where he died in 1845. The King of Holland favored Naundorff's pretensions so far as to allow of his having a rather pompous funeral under his self-asserted name and title. A harmless piece of patronage.

4. HENRI-ETHELBERT-LOUIS-HECTOR HEBERT was almost a contemporary of Naundorff. He assumed the title of "Baron de Richemont et Duc de Normandie." He publicly presented petitions to the Chambers, asserting his claim to be recognized as the son of Louis XVI. Louis XVIII. is said to have received him kindly. He succeeded, by stratagem, in obtaining an interview with the Duchesse d'Angouleme. She declared he was an impostor. He meddled in Austrian politics, and was imprisoned for many years. Escaping from captivity, he came to England, where he long lived quietly, and where he died. His death took place, like Naundorff's, in 1845.

The French Government had not been indifferent to the agitation which had prevailed on the subject of these pretended dauphins. As long as they could be spoken of in the plural number, however, they were not really formidable. Each one employed himself in invalidating his rivals' claims. Nevertheless, it seemed desirable to set the question

at rest if possible. In the year 1852 was published, with the authorization of the Government, a long and careful examination into the stories of all these pretenders, and contained what it was supposed must be conclusive evidence of the death of the Dauphin in the Temple, namely, that of Lasne and Gonin, the two gaolers in whose arms the little prisoner died. The book is a very interesting one, and very lengthy — two thick volumes. It convinced all who wished to believe the statements it contained, and that is all that can be expected of any book or anybody. Those whose will was unsubdued remarked that the extraordinary intelligence shown by the dying child was difficult to reconcile with Desault's opinion of the state of the Dauphin's brain: it will be remembered that the physician considered the child's intellect to have given way under the pressure of his suffering. Still, the general world believed that M. de Beauchêne had set the question at rest forever. But, in a very short time after the publication of the French official statement, came one from America to the effect that the much-talked-of Dauphin was still alive in that country, bearing the unromantic name of Eleazar Williams, and following (of all unlikely professions) that of a missionary of the American Episcopal Church.

The story of this trans-Atlantic dauphin is a very curious one. It may form the subject of a future paper.

#### ORIGIN OF MAHOGANY FURNITURE.—

A West India Captain, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, had brought some logs of it as ballast for his ship, and gave them to his brother, Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician, who was then building a house. The wood was thrown aside as too hard for the workmen's tools. Sometime afterward his wife wanted a candle-box. The doctor thought of the West India wood, and out of that the box was made. Its color and polish tempted the doctor to have a bureau made of the same material, and this was thought so beautiful that it was shown to all his friends. The Duchess of Buckingham, who went to look at it, begged wood enough to make another bureau for herself. Then the demand arose for more, and Honduras mahogany became a common article of trade.—*Dickens' All the Year Round.*

#### THE WIT OF THE YOUNGSTERS.—

"Mamma, mamma," cried a little boy, when the sun set gorgeously red one Christmas eve, "see how hot heaven is over there. Santa Claus is baking, I guess." In manner somewhat like did one of these natural philosophers account for another phenomenon. Hearing a man dump coal in the bin one day with a terrible rumbling, he shouted: "Oh, mother, now I know what makes thunder. It is God putting coal on." Children are great realists, interpreting things in the most literal sense. To the infantile mind the beautiful metaphor of the Lord walking in the garden in the cool of the day conveys the idea of a tangible presence. "I know," said a little boy to whom the passage was read: "Just as papa does, with his hands behind him, and an old coat on."—*Hours at Home.*

## TELEGRAPHY.

BY S. M. BOOTH.

THE invention of the telegraph marks an era in modern civilization. There had been many devices employed to transmit intelligence by signals more rapidly than could be done by any known methods of locomotion. But the application of the electric current by the Morse telegraph, by which time and space are annihilated in transmitting messages, was a stride in the progress of the race unequaled in the world's history. And though there have been improvements on the original plan, and the system itself is by no means perfect and admits of still further improvement, yet the primal idea of transmitting thought around the globe with the speed of lightning cannot be improved by any subsequent invention. And great as are the results already achieved by the telegraph, the important part it is to play in the future is yet but imperfectly comprehended. It has already changed, and is changing still more, the whole course of human affairs. In our late war, vast armies were guided, battles fought and victories won, by its agency. And, in connection with railroads—power to direct by lightning, and move by steam, large armies—it must make wars between civilized nations of short duration, and tend mightily to the preservation of peace.

In the commercial world, too, how great the changes it has wrought! The business of weeks and months is compressed into seconds of time. The markets of the world are spread out simultaneously to the people of both hemispheres, and the changes of values made known at once to whole nations living as wide asunder as the poles.

So of general news. It gathers up and conveys, through the press, to every

family, far and near, the tidings of the most important events that take place throughout the globe. Not a discovery is made, nor an invention wrought, nor a thought generated which promises good to man, but it catches it up, in ten thousand currents, and spreads the knowledge of it, like sun-light, to all the people. If a revolution breaks out in Spain, or an insurrection in Cuba; if war is imminent in Turkey, or the peace of Europe is threatened by Napoleon; if a steamer explodes on lake or river, or a rail-car leaps from the iron way bearing its precious burden to danger and death; if fire ravages a city or village, or frost or drouth lays waste the fields; if famine devours, or pestilence destroys, or health and plenty make glad the people; whatever of human interest takes place in any quarter of the globe, on the land or on the sea, or is *rapped out* by spirits from heaven or hell, the telegraph faithfully heralds the news alike to rich and poor, and spreads before them two worlds in miniature—the world of matter and the world of mind. And when a great thought, uttered in the pulpit, or the forum, or the legislative hall, goes kindling and burning along the electric wires, like lightning which shineth from one end of heaven to the other, the press seizes and embodies it, and indues it with the life and power of immortality, and, sending it forth on myriad wings, makes it stir the souls of men the earth throughout, and live in the memory of mankind forever.

The effect of thus bringing the ends of the earth into close neighborhood has been to revolutionize the old modes of business, quicken thought, and give a mighty impulse to every enterprise.



We sit at our breakfast tables and read the events which have taken place within the last twenty-four hours in all the political and commercial centers of Europe and Asia, and in all the cities and villages of our own land. In the march of progress history outruns prophecy, and the telegraph, outstripping Time, transmits the news of events in London, Paris or St. Petersburg *several hours before they take place!* The old days, when we counted time by weeks and months, are passed, and a new era has dawned upon us. Events move onward with the velocity of the spheres. We live now a century in a year. We mark progress, not by the slow procession of days and years, but by the sweep of ages. We stride across the cycle of the centuries and measure the years of God.

It is in the midst of such agencies as these, when the human faculties are sharpened by the mingling of all nationalities and the contact of mind with mind in all civilizations, when the types of progress in the physical sciences have their counterpart in the mental and moral world, that the Present, appropriating the Past and overlapping the Future, forces upon us the question, What shall be done with the telegraph? Shall it remain in private hands, and be governed by the interests of corporations, or shall the Government take possession of it, and, in connection with the postal system, send the people's messages as well as carry their mails? Could not the Government do this and greatly cheapen the price of telegrams, and make the business self-sustaining? Or, if not, could it not do it without making a large deficit? Or, if it should involve a large expenditure, would not the benefits of cheap telegraphy overbalance the additional cost?

These and kindred questions are suggested by the propositions before Congress, that the Government build new telegraph lines, or purchase existing

ones, and make the business of telegraphing an adjunct of the post office department. If the Government can do this successfully, and reduce the rates of messages as much as it has the rates of postage, the measure would have the hearty approval of the American people.

But the Government should not adopt so radical a measure hastily, or without mature consideration. Nor is it certain that because France or Great Britain could do it over a limited territory, with a dense population, that our Government could do it, with a sparse population, scattered over half a continent. And we regret that the Government did not accept the offer of the Western Union Telegraph Company to place two of their wires between Washington and New York at its disposal, and make the experiment of operating it in competition with the telegraph companies. A year's, or two years' trial would have enabled the Government to form a sensible judgment of the practicability of the measure.

The history of the telegraph may throw some light on this subject. The first telegraph companies were failures. The lines were run by the shortest routes, through woods and morasses, the object being to make the cost of construction between business points as low as possible. The cost of maintaining and the facility of repairing these lines—matters of prime importance—were regarded as secondary considerations. The stock of the Speed line was sold as low as five cents on the dollar; and when another company called for an assessment of five per cent, to make repairs and meet current expenses, a large portion of the stockholders forfeited their stock rather than pay the assessment. And not until the telegraph lines were run in connection with railroads, by the side of the railroad track, the railroad companies, for reciprocal advantages, bearing part of the expenses of construc-



tion, and furnishing facilities for repairs and the prompt re-connection of severed wires—which is now done with little or no cost to the telegraph companies—were these companies able to meet expenses and pay dividends. And it is questionable if there is a telegraph company in the country that could sustain itself for a year—certainly not for any great length of time—without making serious inroads upon its capital, if it did not utterly fail, but for its connection with railroad companies. A very large proportion of the telegraph offices are at railroad stations. But these offices could not be maintained without the business and facilities furnished by the railroads. And the loss occasioned by delays, and the expense incurred, in repairing broken lines, where offices were far apart, would make it impossible for telegraph companies to sustain their lines except between large commercial cities and through densely peopled sections of the country. The telegraph companies have already secured these advantages from the railroads. But let the Government attempt the telegraph service, and how large a subsidy it would have to pay the railroad companies for what now costs the telegraph companies nothing, the history of its largesses to these companies for postal services suggests.

Nor does it follow, because the Government, in performing the postal service, has increased its revenues by reducing the rates of postage, that in undertaking the telegraph service it could increase the revenue by reducing the rates on telegrams. For there is little analogy between the two kinds of service. In transmitting the mails the government employs existing lines of transportation, at a stipulated price—the lowest that can be obtained—without leasing or purchasing a foot of road, or owning a dollar of the stock of any railroad or steamboat line. But in un-

dertaking the telegraph service, the Government must either lease or buy existing lines or build new ones.

Again; the cost of transporting the mails over the great thoroughfares is the same, whether the mail bags contain a single letter or weigh ten tons, while the revenue increases in a direct ratio with the increase of the number of letters. The cost of conveying a single letter is so inappreciable that this is not taken into the account, but only the cost of handling it. Of course, the multiplication of letters would increase the revenue with but little increase of cost. And as the mails run night and day, and there is practically no limit to the number of letters which may be carried, a due regard for the largest amount of revenue would dictate a low rate of postage.

But there is a limit to the capacity of the telegraph for transmitting messages. Each wire can convey but one message at a time, each operator send but so many words in an hour, and each additional wire involves a large additional expense. If the work of sending messages, like that of carrying the mails, could be distributed over the twenty-four hours of the day, it would increase the amount of service that could be rendered, and lessen the cost of each message. But as *time* is the chief element of value in the telegraph service, and the world's business is mainly done between the hours of 10 A. M. and 3 P. M., the work of the telegraph—except for Press dispatches which are furnished at low rates—is practically limited to *five hours* out of the twenty-four, while, during the remaining hours the telegraph force is but partially employed, though the Western Union encourages night service, by sending messages of twenty words at the usual price for ten words, sixty words at twice, and 120 words at three times the usual price for ten words, after 6 o'clock P. M., if they are not to be delivered before 8

o'clock the next morning. The experiment, too, of reducing the tariff to a very low rate—from sixty to ten cents a message—when forced to it by competing lines, was found to reduce the revenue in nearly the same ratio.

The telegraph companies employ six thousand agents, every one of whom is selected for his qualifications—capacity and fitness—for the service, is held to a strict accountability, and knows that his continuance in their service depends upon the faithful performance of his duties. Is it probable that the Government could employ six thousand agents for such a service who would equal these in responsibility, qualifications and faithfulness? Who that knows anything of the history of Government appointments, and the influences by which they are made, could hope for such a result? These companies, too, are managed with the strictest economy, and not a demand is paid, to the amount of *five cents*, unless there is a satisfactory voucher accompanying it. For the managers understand, that upon their administration of affairs depends the success or failure of these companies. Could we hope for as faithful and prudent management were the telegraph controlled and operated by the Government? And were it as wisely and faithfully managed, at the beginning, what guaranty could we have that it would continue to be thus managed? In private hands, its managers would understand, that its receipts must cover its expenses or it would speedily drift into hopeless bankruptcy. But with the Government to foot the bills, the deficit might grow larger year by year, under one plea or another, until, in a short time, its huge proportions would dwarf the deficit in the post-office department.

There is another danger incident to the assumption of the telegraph service by the Government, which thoughtful men will do well to consider. Not only would it greatly enlarge the patronage

of the Government—already a source of corruption and peril—but it would put it in the power of an unscrupulous administration to control the elections, and determine the choice of President of the United States. With six thousand agents stationed at the centers of intelligence, whose salaries were dependent on serving a partisan and corrupt administration, is it an excess of caution to fear, that this mighty agency would be employed to promote the success of party or faction, and that those who were appointed to serve the best interests of the whole country—

"To pin to lightning's wings the news,  
That we may know the price of corn—  
May know who's married, dead and born,  
From Greenland's Cape to that of Horn,  
Ere Time can tie his tardy shoes,"—

would harness the lightning to the car of the Prince of Darkness, and pervert the greatest of earth's blessings into the direst of curses!

The Government may take possession of the existing telegraph lines, if it chooses. It has power to do so, for it may confiscate private property for public uses by paying for it; and should it elect to do so, it might either pay the cost of these lines or their appraised value. The Western Union Telegraph Company already has an agreement with the Government by which, whenever it takes possession of their lines, a commission is to be chosen, consisting of two on the part of the government and two on the part of the company, and a fifth to be chosen by these four, who shall determine their value. A fair appraisal would be to take the net receipts of these lines for a series of years—five or more—and capitalize the average yearly sum.

These statements are not presented as *conclusive* against the policy of placing the telegraph service in the hands of the Government. But the disposition to entrust everything to the government is so prevalent, and the number of those who

live by Government patronage is increasing so rapidly, that though inclined, at first, without much investigation of the subject, to favor the plan, with reasonable restrictions, I have thought proper to state, for the consideration of the public whose verdict must decide the question, some of the objections which may be urged against the measure. It may be the wisest policy to adopt the

plan of governmental supervision and control of the telegraph, but it is well to examine both sides of the question, if we would come to just conclusions. In another number, perhaps, I may present some facts and statistics which will aid the readers of the *WESTERN MONTHLY* in forming an impartial judgment on this important, and very practical, question.

**THE FUTURE OF CHEMISTRY.**—In the course of an address to the students of the University of Edinburgh, Sir James Simpson gave a splendid sketch of the future of chemistry, and indeed of most of the sciences. "There may come a time," he said, "when our patients will be asked to breathe or inspire most of their drugs, instead of swallowing them; or at least when those drugs will be changed into pleasant beverages, instead of disgusting draughts and powders, boluses and pills."

**TRUE LEARNING.**—Some suppose that every learned man is an educated man. No such thing. The man is educated who knows himself, and takes accurate, common sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is they are not educated men. Learning is only the means, not the end; its value consists in giving the means of acquiring the use of that which, properly managed, enlightens the mind.

**PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S** joking propensity is notorious. The following capital hit is worthy of publication: A gentleman from Boston who was a graduate and an office-seeker, called on Mr. Lincoln for an appointment, and was sustained by all the influential politicians of his State, as all such men are. After having presented his claims and that everlasting string of names, the gen-

tleman wished to turn the conversation a moment and asked the President at what college he graduated. "I never graduated at any college, sir; while in this world we never graduate, it is one life-long school." "Oh," says the graduate, "you are a self-made man." "Not at all," said Mr. Lincoln, "I believe God made man."

The Bostonian saw the point and left without his credentials.

**BOOKS.**—Books are faithful repositories, which may be a while neglected or forgotten, but when they are opened again, will again impart their instruction; memory once interrupted is not to be recalled. Written learning is a fixed luminary, which, after the cloud that had hidden it passes away, is again bright in its proper station. Tradition is but a meteor, which, if it once fall, cannot be rekindled.

**LIFE.**—At best, life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and injured and injurer will pass away. Is it worth while to hate?

Is it any more sinful for men to galvanize than for ladies to paint? In either case they appear in borrowed colors.

## EDITORIAL.

A WORD TO THE PUBLIC.—We are permitted to inscribe the name of the *WESTERN MONTHLY* on the spotless page of the new year which lies before us. Our enterprise is consonant with the spirit of the West, and hope gives the bright assurance of success. The magnitude and responsibility of the work has, to some extent, been canvassed; and having the co-operation of leading Western men, whose services are hereby gratefully acknowledged, we commence our publication under the most favorable auspices.

The portals of the East are lighted by the steady rays of the *Galaxy*; her shores are enriched by the pearls of thought, from the depths of the *Atlantic*, and the *Harpers* ring out the anthems of her praise. But the West, with her vast resources, her intellectual men and growing genius, is not represented by any magazine whose mission is to explore the fields of literature and gather the ripe thoughts of her pioneer talent.

The secular and religious press of the West is in every way the peer of the East. Why may not its literature become as distinctive and permanent?

Having this object in view, we shall labor to make our *MONTHLY*, in all respects, worthy of patronage by an intelligent public.

Whatever will tend to enrich our pages and elevate the intellectual and moral nature, whatever will enlarge our views of science and true philosophy shall receive our earnest co-operation.

It will require time to arrange and complete our undertaking in its different departments, but with proper energy and discretion, we hope to publish a

periodical that will meet the demands of our patrons and promote the purest literature.

The foregoing indicates the field of labor and the principles by which we shall be governed in the publication of the *WESTERN MONTHLY*. So saying, we extend our New Year's greeting to our readers.

TO WESTERN WRITERS.—As our magazine is intended to be purely an institution of the West, we shall be pleased to receive original articles from all Western writers who may choose to favor us with their contributions. We know there is talent in the West as well as in the East, the only difference being in the *extent of development*. During the last few decades of years the intellect of the East has found an outlet through the numerous first-class magazines of that locality, and the result is patent the world over. The leading Eastern monthlies have done and are doing a gigantic work in placing American literature side by side with the best of the Old World; but did it never occur to the intelligent reader, that the West has been but illy represented in this great work? Such being the *fact*, what is the *cause*? Does the fault rest with Eastern publishers or *at our own door*? Suppose the West had been as well provided with literary channels as the East, would the present state of affairs have existed? Certainly not. Our writers have learned to look upon those of the East with a sort of unbecoming awe, and fear to cope with them in the literary arena as at present established.

We do not censure the East, with its scores of literary men and women, but

it does seem that Western talent has, thus far, fought an unequal contest with that of the Eastern States, simply from the greater facilities for publishing which the latter has enjoyed.

Said an accomplished lady of Chicago, the other day—who, by the way, was educated at the East and has spent a year and half in Europe; is a writer of some note for Eastern monthlies and a lady of culture—"It is a fact that Western talent is not appreciated at the East as it deserves, and therefore our writers hesitate to throw their productions into Eastern channels, through fear of being overwhelmed by those whose reputation is already established as favorites of Eastern publishers."

The truth of this assertion cannot be successfully controverted; and taking it for granted that Western people will write if Western men will publish, we have commenced the publication of the *WESTERN MONTHLY*, and herewith submit the first number.

That a magazine having for its object the advancement of the interests of the West *ought* to be sustained, every one, East and West, is ready to admit, and whether it will be or not depends entirely upon the talent and enterprise of our people. We believe the proverbial go-aheaditiveness of Western people will be demonstrated in literary as well as commercial matters, now that an opportunity is presented. Let us hear from you of the pen who reside in the wide, wide West. Articles used will be liberally paid for, and rejected manuscript returned to the writer, if desired.

**EXPLANATORY.**—Perhaps an apology is due the public, on account of the late appearance of the January number of the *WESTERN MONTHLY*. If so, we frankly confess that the time and labor necessarily required in *starting* a magazine of this size was under-estimated at the outset.

We have labored incessantly, almost,

since December 1st, and expected to have presented No. 1 to the public as early as Christmas at farthest. But Christmas has come and gone, and the opening days of a New Year, even, have passed away ere we are enabled to make our *debut*.

Again: the pressure of job work at our publishing house preceding and during the holidays has been immense, which has caused some little delay in our appearance.

The patience, also, of some of our writers has been liberally taxed, and the time allotted them in which to prepare their articles been beautifully brief. Had all our matter been received somewhat earlier, a more perfect arrangement of articles might have been effected in the general make-up. Particularly is this true of "Telegraphy," which should have preceded "Foreign Literature," but came in too late for insertion in its proper place.

We trust, however, that a charitable spirit, pervading the public mind, and the usual generosity of the press, will enable one and all to overlook the incompleteness observable in this number, provided, that improvement is stamped upon all that follows.

**NATHAN SHEPPARD**, of this city, is soon to start on an extended tour through Europe, and will be gone some time. Our readers will be pleased to learn that his services have been engaged for our *MONTHLY*. Mr. S. is one of the most talented speakers and writers in the West, and his articles from Europe will be very instructive and entertaining. We wish him a pleasant voyage.

**NOW IS THE TIME** to subscribe for the *WESTERN MONTHLY*. The current volume will represent a variety of topics of general interest. The price brings it within the reach of all. In sending subscriptions care should be taken to write the *name* and address plainly.

**CORRECTION.**—The Chicago and Northwestern Railway now controls about 1300 miles of road, instead of 700, as stated in the biography of Mr. OGDEN.

## CORRESPONDENCE.\*

OFFICE OF THE WESTERN MONTHLY,  
CHICAGO, December 2, 1868.

HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX, Washington, D. C.:

Sir—We are about commencing the publication of a literary monthly magazine here in Chicago, bearing the above title; to be devoted to literature, biography and the interests of the great West, and intend that it shall be, in every respect, worthy of its object, and contain only first class literature.

Having in our possession a copy of your address on "The Education of the Heart," delivered at the commencement exercises of Aurora (Ill.) Seminary, and being impressed with the purity of its style, as well as the lofty tone of its sentiment, we have the honor to ask your permission to publish the same in our first number.

If the proposition is favorably received, have the kindness to address your reply to Room 7, No. 117 Randolph street.

Very truly yours,  
REED & TUTTLE.

[REPLY.]

H. K. Washington  
Dec 11. 1868.

Dear Sir,

Certainly—with pleasure.

Yrs very truly

Phelps Colfax

\* The article referred to may be found in full, commencing on page 20 of this number, and we advise every reader of the WESTERN MONTHLY, who is a lover of purity and simplicity of style, and of moral nobility of sentiment, to read it. Its superior, in either of these characteristics, has never yet been published.—Eps.

## WAYSIDE GLEANINGS.

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**THE TONGUE.**—The tongue is more powerful than the sceptre and rules where the sword would fail. We are told in sacred language that it is a "little member and boasteth great things." Time has proven the wisdom of the adage.

The ear was made to listen to the music of prattling babes, the anthems of the forests, the eloquence of man and the voice of God. The eye to behold the beauties of the universe, the pathway of life, and finally, with undimmed vision, to look upon the crown of immortality resting on the brow of virtue. The tongue was made to utter words of truth and sympathy, to unite the brotherhood of man, and to supplicate the throne of the Eternal One.

It was the tongue which broke the silence of ages and opened to man the gates of Paradise. It was the tongue which made the confession of sin as the flaming sword guarded the way of the tree of life. It was the tongue of the eloquent Greek that calmed the stormy passions of the multitude at Athens and opened the temple of liberty to the sons of Greece. It was the tongue of our great Example that hushed the wild waves and said: "Peace, be still;" that rebuked diseases, and quickened the lifeless form of the dead.

Who can recount its wonders? It is the ever-ready messenger, standing at the portals of thought, to bear the words of grief or joy to anxious hearts. By it the dreary walks of life are cheered into gladness, and the wilderness is made to blossom as the rose.

But alas! it often sends the shafts of pain where life was full of joy. Its

sting is like the touch of the death-angel; it reproaches the Infinite and blasts the hope of man.

It ruins the innocent and dethrones the right, it seals the destiny of the unfortunate and crushes the poor. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing, good and evil. It becomes a fire, burning to the lowest hell, and blackens the face of truth.

The tongue is the wild man of the earth, and cannot be tamed by man alone. It is described as the "pen of a ready writer," and from its hiding place it sends forth the bitter words of wrong.

Who can write its history and recount its deeds of crime? Unsanctified by the principles of justice and truth, it becomes the worst enemy of man; but when restrained by the impulses of a noble heart, it becomes the good angel of our destiny. The heart-fountains must be cleaned before it will only speak the words of truth and goodness. He who would utter the voice of right and prove a blessing to man, must develop his moral nature and ennoble his mind by thoughts of purity; then will the tongue bow in humility at the shrine of virtue and its words will be as "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

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**THERMOMETERS** are as much needed in our day to test the moral temperature of men's souls, as they are to read the signs of the weather. Some men rise to blood heat without much effort and it only needs a word to bring them up to the boiling point. On the other hand, there are men who are always below zero, and whenever demands are made upon the pocket for public or benevolent objects, they freeze up.



THE SNOW PROBLEM ON THE AMERICAN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—It was reported last winter that the sheds built by the Pacific Railroad Company to protect their track from the deep snows of the Sierra Nevada Mountains were crushed by the weight of snow that fell upon them, and that some other method of protection would have to be devised. It seems, however, by a letter in the *San Francisco Bulletin*, that this plan of shielding the track has not been abandoned. The Company are now engaged in erecting sheds over the cuttings and the other exposed points. They are of heavy timber frame-work, with pointed gable roofs, and look as if they could withstand almost any pressure of snow. Nearly forty miles of the track will have to be thus covered, and the quantity of timber required will be enormous. Not less than twenty-two saw-mills, most of them worked by steam, are run night and day, employing nearly two thousand men; and yet they do not work up to the needs of the Company. In a few weeks twenty-eight mills will be running. It is estimated that it will require no less than eight hundred thousand feet of lumber to construct a mile of sheds. So great is the demand, that the country on both sides of the track is being rapidly denuded of its forests. — *Ex. Paper.*

A NEW CLAIMANT OF THE FRENCH THRONE.—A new pretender to the French Throne, and to the name Napoleon III., has arisen in a poor schoolmaster, living in the small Saxon town of Wermesdorf, who claims to be the legitimate grandson of Napoleon I. If his statements are trustworthy, Napoleon's son, the Duke of Reichstadt, fell in love with a young Hungarian countess, during a journey which he made in Hungary in the year 1830, and as she sternly refused to become his mistress he finally resolved to marry her. They were married at a village church, near the city of

Debrezyn, by the regular village priest. This marriage, the Saxon pretender asserts, was perfectly legitimate, inasmuch as, according to the laws governing the members of the Imperial House of Austria, the Duke of Reichstadt was already of age at that time, so that no exception whatever could be taken to the union. How he, the heir of an imperial name and of a throne, got to Saxony and became there a poor schoolmaster, the pretender refuses as yet to explain. He only says that the Duke of Reichstadt was compelled to leave his young wife a few days after the wedding had taken place, and that he was unable to take her with him to the Court of Vienna. There are certain circumstances, above all things the strict surveillance which the Court of Vienna kept over the Duke of Reichstadt, that renders the whole story of the pretender somewhat improbable; but several diplomats at the courts of Berlin, Vienna and Dresden, before whom a full statement of the facts has been laid, have stated that, in their opinion, the schoolmaster will succeed in making out his case.

A NOBLE WIFE.—A bankrupt merchant, returning home one night, said to his noble wife: "My dear, I am ruined; everything we have is in the hands of the sheriff." After a few moments of silence, the wife looked calmly into his face and said: "Will the sheriff sell you?" "Oh, no!" "Will the sheriff sell me?" "Oh, no!" "Will the sheriff sell the children?" "Oh, no!" "Then do not say we have lost everything. All that is most valuable remains to us—manhood, womanhood, childhood. We have lost but the results of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune, if our hearts and hands are left us."

Can we wonder that, encouraged by such a noble wife, he is now on the road to fortune again?

**BAD BREATH.**—If when the face is brought near another's the lips are kept firmly closed, there is no bad breath, that which comes from the nose being not perceptibly disagreeable.

Much of the disagreeable odor of a late meal may be avoided if the teeth and mouth are well rinsed with warm water, and the tooth-brush is passed across the back part of the tongue.

In some persons, a fetor of breath and of the feet alternate. In others, both are present at the same time.

A fetid effluvia arises usually, if not always, from three causes: first, it is hereditary, being connected with a scrofulous taint; second, it arises from a want of personal cleanliness; third, it attends a disordered stomach. The second and third suggest their own remedies. The first is a grievous and mortifying misfortune to all sensitive minds, but it may be remedied to a very considerable extent, by persistent habits of strict personal cleanliness, by large outdoor activities, personal regularities, and the temperate use of plain substantial food, carefully avoiding all gross and rancid articles of diet, suet, cheese, pies, puddings, smoked and fried meats, fish and the like, using often and efficiently the vapor or warm bath, with soap and plentiful friction. — *Hall's Journal of Health*.

**THE GRECIAN BEND.**—"How can a woman so sensible as you adopt such a piece of affectation as that Grecian Bend style of walking?" asked a gentleman the other evening of an intelligent lady with whom he was familiar. "It is not affectation," was the answer; "look at these heels," she added, extending her foot, "and tell me how I can walk any other way." And sure enough, how could she, poor thing. There, from under her skirts, peeped a foot, naturally pretty, but dreadfully deformed by a high and narrow heel that, with vulgar impertinence, had pushed

itself beyond its proper place, until it rested fairly under the instep, and threw the body inevitably forward in standing. Certainly she must wear such shoes, for are they not the style?—and wearing them, there was no escape from the awkward and constrained manner of walking which is so ridiculed in cartoon and caricature. "I don't bend any more than I can help," she exclaimed, plaintively; "and I am sure I don't carry myself in such an absurd style as many of the ladies you see upon the street." No doubt many are merely imitating the fashionable walk, and like all imitators, overdo; but the origin of the Grecian Bend is in the present style of fashionable shoes. "So this only have I found, that God hath made them upright, but they have sought out many inventions."—*Galaxy*.

**WORK FOR WOMEN.**—Ashamed of work! ashamed to have it known that you earn your own living! I tell you, young women, that of all the wicked and contemptible notions society puts into your heads, this is the wickedest and most contemptible. Who sent you into this world to sit in idleness, while all the rest of God's universe are at work? Who authorized you to live at your ease upon the toils of other people? Who gave you permission to suffer those natural powers of yours, which can only be developed by work, to be dwarfed and withered by disuse? Instead of its being a disgrace to you to earn your own living by work, it is a burning shame to you if you do not. You think I use pretty strong language. Perhaps I do; but I know I only half express myself. For it is impossible for me to find in the English language, or any other language, any words that begin to set forth the contempt I feel for any able-bodied human being, male or female, who attempts to live in this world without earning a living, either by brain or muscle. —**GLADDEN**.

## BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Under this head we will give liberal notices of Books, Periodicals and Music received, whose subject is compatible with the object of our Magazine. In order to secure a notice in the ensuing number they should be received by the 15th of each month.—*Eds.*

We have received from Messrs. Cobb, Pritchard & Co., booksellers and publishers, Nos. 81 and 83 Lake street, Chicago, the following handsomely bound books, published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, 1868-9.

### BOOKS.

**NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDIES**, by Longfellow. This volume contains two tragedies: the first, entitled John Endicott—scene in Boston in the year 1665; the other, Giles Corey, of the Salem Farms—scene in Salem in 1692.

**AMONG THE HILLS**, and other poems, by John Greenleaf Whittier, including The Clear Vision; The Two Rabbits; The Meeting; The Answer; G. L. S.; Freedom in Brazil; Divine Compassion; Lines on a Fly-leaf; and Hymn for the House of Worship at Georgetown.

Nothing that we can write, relative to the merits of the foregoing works, will add a particle of luster to the already bright names of America's talented sons—Longfellow and Whittier. The works of their hand become standard as soon as given to the world, and every line is read with increasing interest by the *literati* of the age. Indeed, no American can be considered a scholar who is not familiar with the productions of these two great writers. The works before us do not, in the least, detract from the reputation of their authors, already earned; but on the contrary, add another leaf to their respective crowns of laurel. "The Tragedies" carry the reader back some two hun-

dred years, to the dark hours of witchcraft and superstition, while "Among the Hills" is one of those beautiful little rural poems which only an American author can write and only an American reader appreciate.

**PLAIN THOUGHTS ON THE ART OF LIVING**, by Washington Gladden. This is a handsomely bound volume of 236 pages, containing fifteen essays, intended to benefit the young men and women of our land. The subjects embrace, The Messenger without a Message; Work for Women; Dress; Manners; Conversation; Habits; Health and Physical Culture; Mind Culture; Success; Stealing as a Fine Art; Companionship and Society; Amusement; Respectability and Self-respect; Marriage; and The Conclusion of the Whole Matter. These essays are, indeed, plain thoughts plainly and fearlessly expressed—effectual thrusts at many of the popular conventional errors at present existing in the education of young people—and ought to be read by the educator as well as the educated.

Also, from the same source, but published by James Miller, (successor to C. S. Francis & Co.,) 552 Broadway, New York:

**THE SCHOOL FOR CRITICS**.—A comedy, being in completion of the fourth volume of the dramatic series, by Laughton Osborn. Several volumes of beautifully illustrated and illuminated holiday books, for the little folks, have also found their way to our table, from the same publishers.

## MAGAZINES.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January has The Silent City at Greenwood; The Buffalo Range; Paul Du Chaillu Again; South-Coast Saunterings in England; Learning Common Sense; My Old Woman and I; Chivalrous and Semi-Chivalrous Southrons; My Visit to Utopia; A Public Building; A Christian's Creed; The New Timothy; The Bishops of Rome; The Murder of Escovedo; My Enemy's Daughter; and the Abbas Pacha of Europe. Harper & Brothers: Franklin Square, New York.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE for December contains, He Knew He Was Right—a novel by Anthony Trollope; On a Piece of Chalk; Folk-love of the Red Man; Lord Brougham; News from Sirius; The Incas (concluded); Lady Novelists; Phenomena of Earthquakes; Ajaccio; Failure of Natural Selection in the case of Man; Dean Milman; Old Girls; Baron Von Beust; Poetry; Notes on Books; Science and Varieties. E. R. Pelton, publisher, 108 Fulton st., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January contains, Malbone—an Oldport Romance, I.; The Sunshine of the Gods; A Literary Gourmand; Good-Natured Pendulum; Flying Dutchman; Co-operative Housekeeping, III.; In the Teutoburger Forest; After Election; Consumption in America, I.; Mean Yankees at Home; Dante; On a certain Condescension in Foreigners; Gnadenhütten; Cinders from the Ashes; Moral Significance of the Republican Triumph; Reviews and Literary Notices. Fields, Osgood & Co.: Boston.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for January has Reverdy Johnson as a Diplomat; Napoleon Bonaparte, his Character and Genius; T. S. Arthur; Church, Bierstadt, Gifford, Page, Huntington and six other American Artists; Peculiarities of American Faces; Dietetic Habits of Great Men; Racial Types and Peculiarities; Physiognomy of Abraham and his Wife; The New Year; etc. New volume just begun. S. R. Wells, publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

THE GALAXY for January contains: Cypher—a Novel, Part Second, by Jane G. Austin; New York Journalists—W. H. Hurlbut, by Eugene Bensen; The

Liberal Triumvirate of England, by Justin McCarthy; A Belt of Asteroids, by Edmund C. Stedman; The Dream-Child, by Richard H. Stoddard; The Lanman Scandal, by Mrs. W. H. Palmer; The Waking of the Cid, by Edna Dean Proctor; Edwin Booth, by Lucia Gilbert Calhoun; Edwin Booth (a Poem), by Anne M. Crane; The Flight of Diomed, by William Cullen Bryant; Our Crime Land Excursion, by A. Oakley Hall; English Grammar: a Chapter of Words and their Uses, by Richard Grant White; Swallows, by T. W. Parsons; The Galaxy Miscellany. Sheldon & Co.: 498 Broadway, New York.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for January contains the opening chapters of the original American novel, written expressly for that magazine, entitled Beyond the Breakers: A Story of the Present day, with a full page illustration; Poems for a Golden Wedding; Christmas Pantomimes, by T. C. de Leon; The Blue Cabinet: a Christmas Story, by Lucy Hamilton Hooper; The Old Year and the New, by F. W. Clarke; The Secret Agent (of Napoleon III); Justice for Blue-beard, by Miss M. A. Campbell; Cross and Crown: a Poem, by Edward Fawcett; Pearl of Great Price, by Rebecca Harding Davis; The Parisian's New Year, by George M. Towle; Nor Dead, Nor Living: a Love Story, by Jane G. Austin; Will Spain be a Republic? by Karl Blind; Golden Dreams: a Christmas Story, by Albert Fabre; Our Monthly Gossip; Literature of the Day. J. B. Lippincott & Co.: Boston.

PUTNAM'S for January contains: Today—a Romance, chapters I, II; Among the Trees; Tent-life with the Wandering Kuraks; Treasure: a Christmas Story; Christmas Eve Chant of Breton Peasants; The Battle of Plattsburg Bay: unpublished MSS. of Fenimore Cooper; Three Pictures and One Portrait; The Literature of the Coming Controversy; Fainting at Noon tide; Steam Travel in Cities—What has been Done in London and Paris, and What may be Done in New York; The Story Teller of Copenhagen; A Sketch of Hans Christian Andersen; Popular Lectures in England; Literature, Art and Science Abroad; Monthly Chronicle of Current Events; Literature; Fine Arts; Table Talk.

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